

PART
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THE

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LEISURE HOUR

MAY, 1885.

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ALMANACK FOR

MAY, 1885.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----|-------------------------|------|---------------------|------|----------------------|------|------------------------|
| 1 F | ⑤ rises 4:33 A.M. | 9 S | ⑤ rises 4:19 A.M. | 10 S | ⑤ least dis. from | 24 S | WHIT SUNDAY |
| 2 S | Jupiter at evnl. star | 10 S | ROGATION SUNDAY | 11 M | ⑤ AFT. ASCENSION | 25 M | Bank Holiday |
| 3 S | 4 S. AFT. EASTER | 12 M | Tw. ends 10:31 P.M. | 13 M | ⑤ rises 4:5 A.M. | 26 T | ⑤ rises 3:56 A.M. |
| 4 M | great dist. from | 13 T | Spica S. 10 P.M. | 14 T | Draco in Zen. 2 A.M. | 27 W | Libra S. 10 P.M. |
| 5 M | T Clik. aft. ⑤ 3m. 29s. | 15 W | Daybreak 1:17 A.M. | 16 W | Jupiter near | 28 T | F 1 P.M. |
| 6 W | Boötés S. 11 P.M. | 17 T | Ascension Day | 17 T | 1 Quar. 5:45 A.M. | 29 F | Clik. . . . ⑤ 2m. 51s. |
| 7 T | 1 3 Quar. 8:43 A.M. | 18 F | [New] ⑤ 3:17 P.M. | 18 F | East. Law Sitt. end | 30 S | ⑤ sets 8:3 P.M. |
| 8 F | ⑤ sets 7:32 P.M. | 19 F | ⑤ sets 7:43 P.M. | 19 S | ⑤ sets 7:54 P.M. | 31 S | TRINITY SUNDAY |

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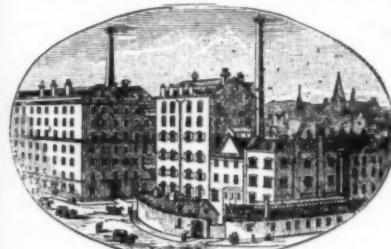
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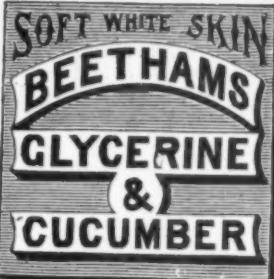
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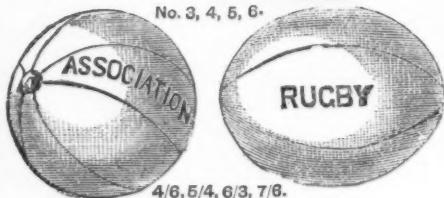
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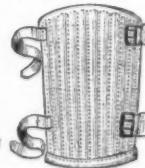
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From a Drawing by J. W. Whymper.

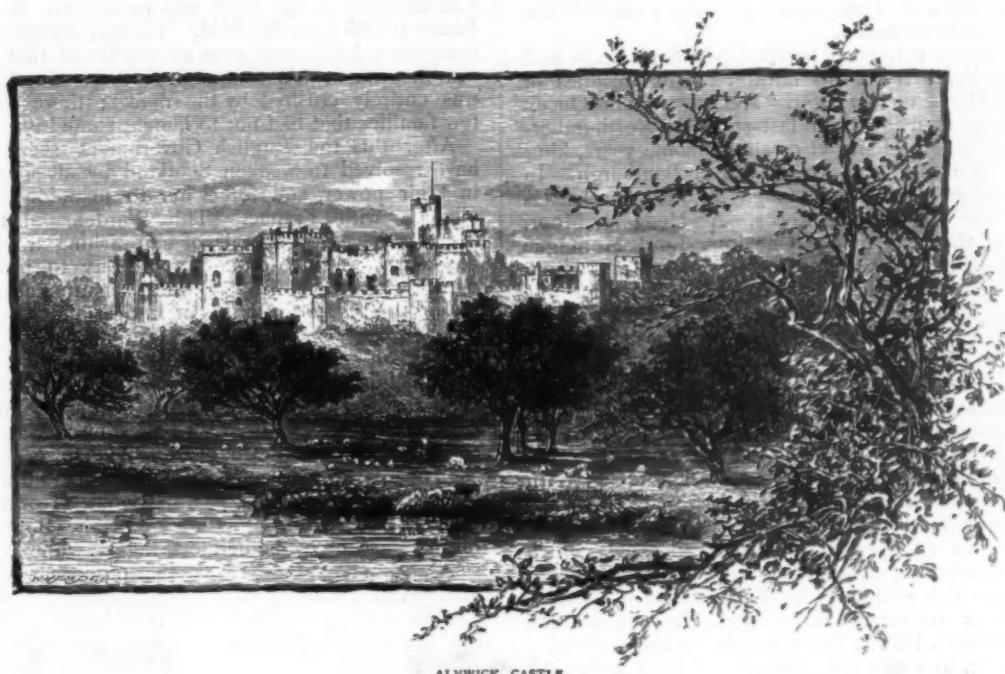
DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.



THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

II.—NORTHUMBERLAND.



ALNWICK CASTLE.

THE difficulty of keeping order on the Borders of England and Scotland was great, and exceptional means were used for the purpose. Besides the ordinary law of the land, by which all English and Scottish subjects were bound, there was also a system of international law which was set up by common agreement. As early as 1249 English and Scottish commissioners met, and according to custom called to their aid juries of twelve English knights and twelve Scottish knights, whose business it was to reduce to writing the customs which had gradually grown up for self-preservation. These customs grew into a code of laws which it was the duty of the wardens on both sides to administer in time of peace. They met with large bands of followers on some neutral ground on the moorlands, and there held their court. All who had complaints of robbery or other wrongs brought forward their claims. If the warden was convinced of the innocence of the accused person he might clear him by pledging his honour. If he found that he was mistaken he was bound to withdraw his protection. Cases in which the wardens did not interfere were submitted to a jury. The decisions of the jury were written on the statement of claims, and the wardens were bound to see that redress was given accordingly. The system was excellent; but, as

might be expected, it gave rise to many disputes between the wardens, who did not find their duties easy, and were not always diligent in performing them.

The need of constant warfare on the Borders necessarily made the Border lords men of great importance. They were the military leaders of the people, and such order as was kept was enforced by their strong arm. Chief amongst them were the Percy Lords of Alnwick, who by marriages added to their lands till they were the greatest landowners in England. Henry Percy was made Earl of Northumberland in 1377, and it was greatly owing to his influence that Richard II was deposed from the throne of England and Henry IV reigned in his stead. But the beginning of Henry IV's reign was unsuccessful, and the only exploit of which men could be proud was the victory of young Henry Percy—"Hotspur," as he was called—against the Scots. A large army under the Earl of Douglas had plundered the northern counties and was returning, when Hotspur gathered his troops and pursued. The Scots encamped on a spur of the Cheviots, Humbleton, near the village of Wooler. Their position was strong against a charge, but only exposed them better to the deadly fire of the English bowmen. The Scots fell before their arrows till they

rushed madly to the plain, where multitudes were slain. It was a crushing defeat which gave peace for many years. But the Percys had grown too powerful to be obedient subjects. Hotspur quarrelled with the king, made common cause with the Welsh rebels, and led the Northumbrians to take part in civil war. Luckily he was defeated and slain at Shrewsbury, and the power of the Percys was broken.

Henry V restored their confiscated lands, and Northumberland was faithful to the fortunes of the House of Lancaster. Henry VI and his Queen Margaret made their last stand in Northumberland, where Henry VI dwelt for some years, king of little else save the castle of Bamburgh. In Northumberland were fought in 1464 two battles of the Wars of the Roses. At Hedgeley Moor, near the base of the Cheviots, Lord Montague cut off a large body of troops who were marching to join the Lancastrian forces. Most of the leaders fled, but Sir Ralph Percy rallied his men to meet the foe. He fell mortally wounded, and as he died exclaimed, "I have saved the bird in my heart," meaning that he had kept his honour and died with a clear conscience. Encouraged by this success, Lord Montague marched against the main body of the Lancastrians and defeated them at Hexham. Queen Margaret fled with her young son into the woods which fringe the Devil's Water, where, hidden amongst the larch-trees in a deep glen, a cave is still shown which tradition points out as the queen's refuge. There it was that she one day encountered a band of Border robbers, who stripped her of all she possessed, till she threw herself on the generosity of one, in whose hand she placed the hand of her boy, and said, "Save the son of your king." The Borderers soon found means to further her escape to Scotland, whence she made her way to Flanders.

When the Wars of the Roses were ended the Tudor kings began a more peaceful policy towards Scotland. Europe was forming into strong nations, which were bound together by a system of alliances. The object of Henry VII was to detach Scotland from her old alliance with France which she had formed through hostility to England. He wanted to unite her with England in the way of peace, and gave his sister Margaret in marriage to the Scottish king. But the old disagreement did not rapidly cease, and causes of ill-will went on growing. In 1513 Henry VIII was at war with France, and the Scottish king determined to strike a decisive blow against England. James IV crossed the Borders with an army of 40,000 men. The royal castles fell into his hands. The English king with the greater part of his forces was away in France. But the men of the north rose in defence of their homes, and the Earl of Surrey was soon able to muster an army equal to that of the Scots. He marched into Northumberland, where James IV was encamped on the hill of Flodden, between the Tweed and the Till. His position was hard to attack. Surrey advanced on the opposite side of the Till, and sent his artillery and one division of his army northward to cross the Till by the bridge at Twizel, near its con-

fluence with the Tweed. The rest of his army crossed by a ford nearly opposite the Scottish camp. The battle began at four o'clock on a September afternoon and raged till darkness fell.

The various divisions fought with varying success over the low range of hills, and no one knew who was the victor. The battle was bloody, and the loss of the Scots was enormous. King James IV fell upon the field. Though Surrey was conqueror, his forces were so weakened that he did not pursue his campaign farther. Scotland was entirely crushed by the defeat; there were few families that had not to lament some loss.

After this the English Government seem to have resolved to weaken Scotland by all means in their power, and force her to abandon her alliance with France. The Wardens of the Marches became generals of skirmishing troops, constantly waiting for an opportunity to inflict damage on their foe. Border warfare was no longer the plundering raids of lawless and adventurous folk; it was organised into a system of destruction and havock. Records were kept of the mischief wrought and accounts were rendered from time to time to the Privy Council. They contain a dismal story of villages burned, land thrown out of cultivation, cattle carried away, men slain or made prisoners. The lovely abbeys which rose along the Tweed were not spared. Nothing was respected, nothing was safe. The Borders became a scene of deliberate savagery, while little was accomplished towards the purpose which Henry VIII had in view.

This state of destructive warfare lasted, with a few interruptions, till peace was made in 1550. After that time the English Government took in hand the work of strengthening the Border defences and maintaining better order. The castles and towers were repaired. Each village had to furnish a certain number of men, who were to keep watch every night at certain places. When a band of plundering Scots came in view a beacon fire was kindled, which was repeated by the next watch, till the news had been spread on all sides. Every man who saw the signal was bound on pain of death to mount his horse and follow the fray with hue and cry until the stolen goods were recovered. Those who recovered them received a good payment for their service. Moreover, men were ordered to keep bloodhounds to help them in their pursuit of the robbers. At the same time, to make the country less accessible, fords were strictly watched; the passes in the hills were staked; the villages near the Border were enclosed by high hedges or deep ditches. The wardens' courts were carefully revived, and every old custom that tended to the defence of the land was strictly enforced. The wardens were no longer the chief lords of the county, but were royal officials, appointed for their skill and discretion. Under Elizabeth especially there was a marked improvement in the public service. Men who wished to make their reputation were sent to the Borders, and were kept for a long time, in spite of their entreaties, at their difficult and thankless work. They had to see that every landlord and freeholder was pro-

perly armed, that every tenant had land enough on which to keep a horse and maintain himself in sufficient arms to follow the fray, and that no land was left unoccupied by some sturdy family. Every one who had suffered losses from plunder was to make known his loss to the warden, and the warden's books, in which he kept account of such complaints, were to be made up every month and submitted to the Scottish warden, with a request for redress.

Though the Reformation had severed Scotland from France, and though the policy of Elizabeth did much to bring England and Scotland nearer together, yet it was hard for the Borderers to live

killed; and that Sir John Forster himself, and many English gentlemen, were taken prisoners. Elizabeth was exceedingly angry at this outrage, and wrote threatening letters to the Scottish Government, which was driven to make ample amends. The queen's attitude on this occasion drove Scotland to be more zealous in putting down disorder on the Borders. The English wardens were kept up to their duty. It is said of Henry Carey, Lord Hundson, who was for many years governor of Berwick, that "he took as great pleasure in hanging thieves, as other men in hunting or hawking." It was by such men that Northumberland was brought back to something resembling orderly and civilised life. Nowhere do we find a clearer testimony to the good government of Elizabeth than in the records of Border affairs.

With the accession of James I the crowns of England and Scotland were united. There was no longer any question of war between the two countries, and the Borderland now ceased to be a scene of military strife. The office of Lord Warden was abolished, and the men of the Borders were answerable only to the laws of their country, like other men. But the long period of warfare had created roving habits. The



IN THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

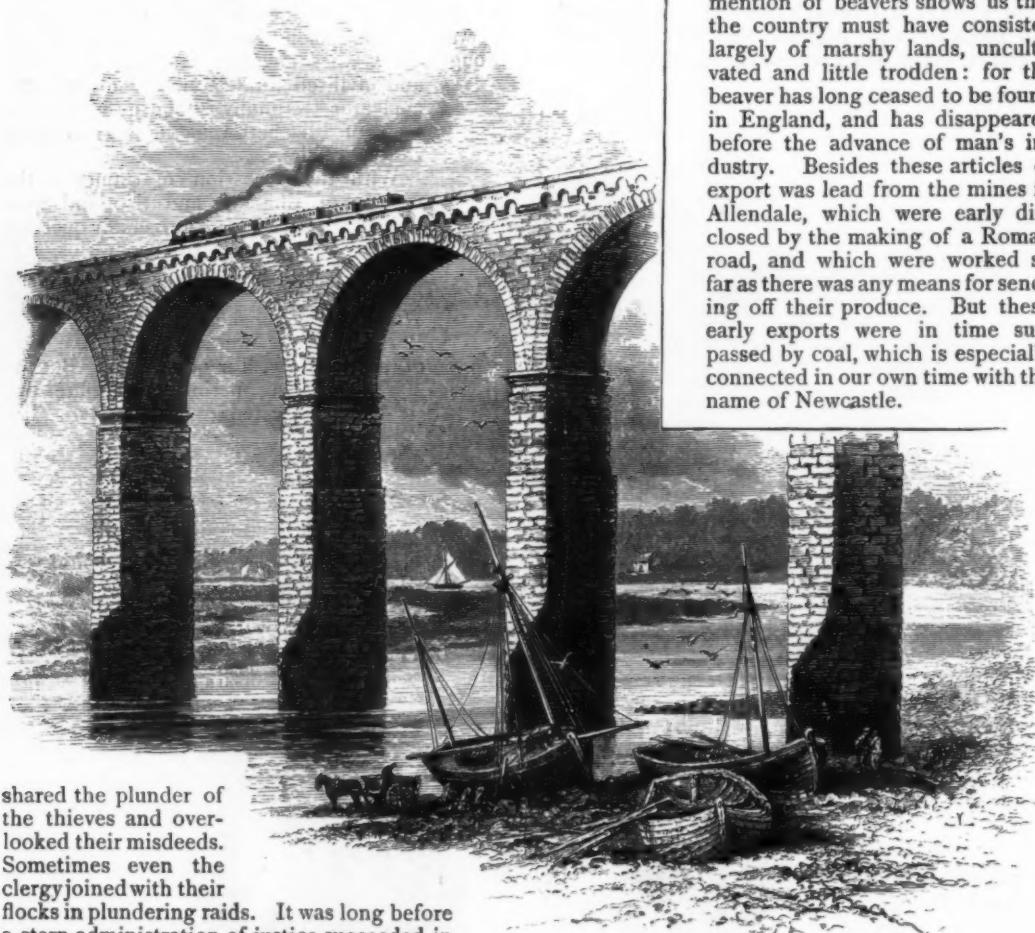
in peace. It needed a long course of steady persistency on the part of the wardens to introduce even the rudiments of order. The last outbreak, that threatened to bring about a renewal of war between the two nations, was the raid of Redeswire in 1574. A warden's court was held on the moorland above the valley of the Jed, when a sudden fray arose between the followers of the two wardens. The English warden, Sir John Forster, tried to keep the peace; but the only result of his endeavours was that a Northumbrian knight, Sir George Heron, was

Cheviot valleys were inhabited by clans who had been trained in ancestral feuds, and who were accustomed to live by adventurous plunder rather than settled industry. They still carried on their ancient enmities; they still gloried in the perils of a life of hazard. But their

position fell into increasing disrepute. They were no longer irregular soldiers, but were mere lawless thieves, who enjoyed the more honourable title of "moss-troopers." The duty of dealing with these moss-troopers and reducing them to order fell upon the gentlemen of the Border in their office as justices of the peace. Everything depended upon their zeal and activity in carrying out the laws. Sometimes they were rigorous and put down disorder. Sometimes they were careless, and their officers

position as a fortified place in a disturbed territory early attracted a considerable population, and its harbour at the mouth of the Tyne made it a centre of export trade to Flanders. It early had customs of its own for the arrangement of its affairs, and obtained from Henry II a charter which gave it some powers of self-government. In the reign of John a guild of Merchant Adventurers was formed for the regulation of trade. Newcastle exported wool and hides, and the skins

of foxes, sables, and beavers. This mention of beavers shows us that the country must have consisted largely of marshy lands, uncultivated and little trodden: for the beaver has long ceased to be found in England, and has disappeared before the advance of man's industry. Besides these articles of export was lead from the mines in Allendale, which were early disclosed by the making of a Roman road, and which were worked so far as there was any means for sending off their produce. But these early exports were in time surpassed by coal, which is especially connected in our own time with the name of Newcastle.



shared the plunder of the thieves and overlooked their misdeeds. Sometimes even the clergy joined with their flocks in plundering raids. It was long before a stern administration of justice succeeded in bringing back the wild people to orderly ways. In the open country it was easier; but the valleys of the North Tyne and the Rede long continued to harbour bands of lawless plunderers. Now and then a raid was made, and the most notorious moss-troopers were transported with their families to Ireland. All that could be done was to keep down their numbers; their habits of life could not be changed.

Hitherto we have been considering mainly the fortunes of the northern part of the country. In the south, where the frontier of the Cheviot hills gave way to the large plain which broadens round the mouth of the Tyne, the town of Newcastle was gradually increasing in importance. Its

THE BORDER BRIDGE AT BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

Coal was known to the Romans, and there are traces in some of their buildings in Northumberland that they used it for fuel. But in old days the forests supplied plenty of wood; there was little demand for fires for the purpose of manufactures; houses were small, and men did not need so much warming as they do at present; chimneys to carry off the smoke were almost unknown, and coal was not very greatly in demand. It began, however, to be sent to London, where it was gradually used by smiths and brewers, who needed fires for their trade. In 1305 Parlia-

ment complained to Edward I that the burning of coal corrupted the air by its smoke and harmful vapours. An order was made that those who used coal should be punished and their furnaces destroyed. However, coal was still used in spite of this order, and gradually became more common. In the sixteenth century the population of the south of England greatly increased; trade rapidly developed; the woods had gradually been cleared away, and fuel became more difficult to get. In the reign of Elizabeth coal crept from the forge to the kitchen and the hall. Houses were larger and better built; chimneys were common, whereas formerly not more than two or three were to be seen in ordinary towns. The coal trade along the Tyne became brisk, and in 1615 four hundred ships were employed in carrying coals from the harbour of Newcastle.

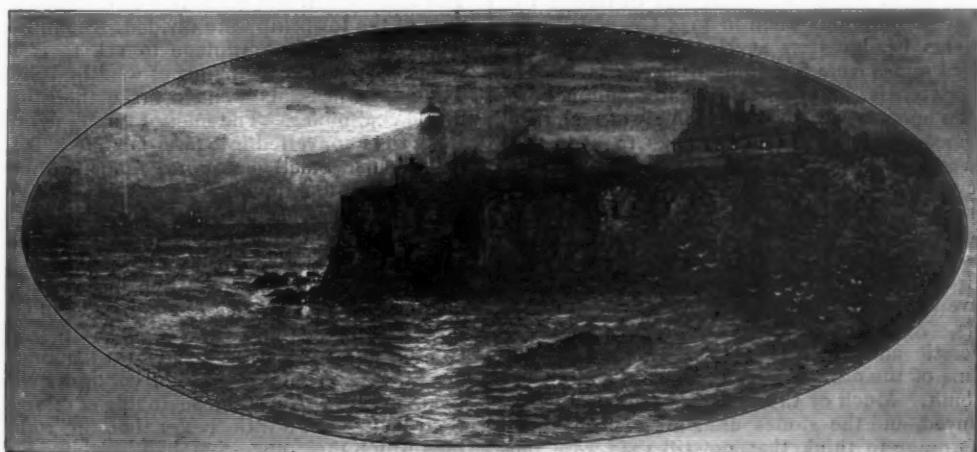
The greatest part of the labour was not that of the miners who dug the coal, nor of the sailors employed in carrying it away, but of those who conveyed it from the mines to the ships. It was drawn in waggons to the nearest landing place on the river bank, which was called by the old name of *staiths*. Here it was put on barges, still called by the old name of *keels*, and was carried by them to the ships which were anchored in deep water. The keels were manned by two men, who shoved their boat down stream by means of two heavy poles. It was severe work, and needed a race of stalwart men—who lived by themselves and had strongly marked characteristics of their own. The song, "Weel may the keel row," still carries their memory over every part of England.

The growing trade of Newcastle naturally helped to spread order in the neighbouring parts; but even Newcastle found it necessary to protect itself from contamination by the lawless folk who had been trained to plunder. In 1564 the Merchant Adventurers passed a bye-law forbidding any one to take as an apprentice a native of Tyndale or Redesdale, on the ground that they "commit frequent thefts and felonies," and that

no good can "proceed from such lewd and wicked progenitors."

Free from disturbances, Newcastle flourished, and its trade increased rapidly. Early in the seventeenth century one coal merchant employed between five hundred and a thousand men. But trade even in early days, when competition was less keen than now, was uncertain. For this merchant, "for all his labour, care, and cost, could scarce live off his trade; many others have consumed and spent great estates and died beggars." The spirit of enterprise soon grew up. A south country gentleman adventured with thirty thousand pounds, a very large sum in those days, into the Northumbrian mines. He brought many engines hitherto unknown to drain the pits, and invented boring with iron rods to discover the thickness of the seams. But his inventions brought no good to himself. He consumed all his money "and rode home on a light horse."

The prosperity of Newcastle was disturbed by the great struggle of the reign of Charles I. Northumberland was loyal to the king, and bore the brunt of the first outbreak of hostilities. Again a Scottish army crossed the Tweed in 1640; but the Scots did not come to plunder, they came in defence of their constitutional liberty. They issued a proclamation that they would not take from the people a chicken or a pot of ale without paying for it. They brought with them sheep and oxen for their food. The king's troops vainly endeavoured to hold Newcastle, whose fortifications had fallen into ruins. The Scots crossed the Tyne at Newburn, routed the Royalists, and occupied Newcastle, which was the first victim of the Great Rebellion. The trade of Newcastle was stopped and its population dwindled. No town in England suffered more severely from the civil war. It was held for the king by the Marquis of Newcastle, and in 1644 was again besieged by the Scots. The Marquis of Newcastle proposed to fire the coal mines, so as to drive back the enemy, and this destructive step



TYNEMOUTH

was only prevented by General Lesly's capture of the boats on the Tyne. The men of Newcastle were proud of the tower of their church, which is surmounted by flying buttresses, which form a crown on the top. Lesly ordered his guns to be directed against this ornament, whereon the Mayor of Newcastle commanded that the chiefs of the Scottish prisoners should be bound with ropes to the buttresses that they might share the ruin. The church was saved, but Newcastle was driven to surrender. To Newcastle Charles I fled in 1646, when he placed himself in the hands of the Scots. Next year the Scots gave up the king to Parliament and withdrew from England. Newcastle was held by the Parliament to be the chief of the malignant towns, and was treated accordingly. It did not resume its peaceful ways till the Restoration.

On the accession of the House of Hanover, Northumberland was strongly Jacobite, and in Northumberland the ill-fated rising of 1715 was devised. Mr. Forster, of Bamburgh, and Lord Derwentwater placed themselves at the head of the gentlemen of the county and raised forces which were to join with the Scots. At Warkworth James III was proclaimed King of England, and a troop of three hundred horsemen was gathered to accomplish this revolution. As Newcastle would not open its gates, the rebels withdrew towards Scotland. But the Scots and English could not agree on a plan for the campaign. The Scots wished to fight in Scotland; the English wished to fight in England. By way of a compromise, they spent a few days in wandering along the Cheviot hills, and then entered Lancashire. At Preston the little army was surrounded, and all the gentlemen were made prisoners. Lord Derwentwater was impeached, and executed for high treason. He was a man of spotless life and character, universally beloved, and his untimely end created universal pity. In Northumberland especially he was long venerated as a martyr, and the ruins of his castle at Dilston, near Hexham, are still thought to be haunted by the wailing spirit of his wife, who vainly pleaded for his pardon.

Once again Northumberland was disturbed by military preparations when in 1745 General Wade made his headquarters at Newcastle to prevent the coal mines from falling into the hands of the Jacobite rebels. So dependent had London now become upon Newcastle for its supply of fuel, that it seemed necessary above all things to avert the chance of a coal famine. The Jacobite invasion, however, was directed against the western counties, and General Wade's forces were only needed as a precaution. So bad were the roads at this time that General Wade could not drag his artillery from Newcastle to Carlisle, and was too late to save Carlisle from falling into the hands of the rebels. After this he made a high road between Newcastle and Carlisle—a road which followed the line of the old barrier wall which the Romans had built. Much of the remains of this wall was destroyed, and the stones used for road-making. It is strange to think that not till 1747 were the means of civilisation in northern England made as good as they had been in the days of the Roman

rule. Equally strange is it to note that General Wade's road is now grass-grown and deserted, for the railway runs in the valley below, and all traffic follows it.

The railway itself is a product of the Northumbrian coal trade, whose greatest difficulty was the carrying of its heavy products. First the pack-horse, then the cart slowly bore the coal from the pit's mouth to the shipping place on the Tyne. Next wooden bars were laid along the road for the wheels to run upon, and so a four-wheeled wagon took the place of the two-wheeled cart. Then came iron tramways, with flanges on each side of the rail to keep the wagon wheels in their place. This was improved by transferring the flange from the rail to the wheel, which was a great saving of cost, and enabled railways to be largely used. Meanwhile the chief use made of the steam-engine after its invention in 1710 was for draining water from the mines. It was easy to use it also for raising coals to the surface. Most of the improvements which were made in the steam-engine proceeded from Northumberland. It was left for a Northumbrian, Stephenson, to combine the steam-engine and the railway by the invention of the locomotive. The son of an engine fireman at Wylam, on the Tyne, he went to work with his father at an early age. He loved his engine and studied it with care. He worked twelve hours a day, and yet had time to spend his nights at school that he might learn the rudiments of knowledge. He was famous for his mechanical skill, and in 1812 was made engine-wright at the Killingworth Colliery, with a salary of £100 a year. There, with rude instruments and unskilled workmen, he made his first locomotive, which was tried with success in 1814. The locomotive of George Stephenson was soon used for other purposes than dragging coals from the pit to the river bank. George Stephenson lived long enough to see the tokens of the great change in social life which his invention had begun.

Meanwhile the rural districts of the north had been keeping pace with the advance of Newcastle. The lands which had been held in common by the men of the township were divided. Small holders found it to their advantage to sell their lands, which passed into the hands of wealthy landlords. The sturdy peasants went to make their fortunes in the coal mines. The men of the Tyne and the Rede were converted into farm-labourers like their neighbours. Small landowners almost entirely disappeared, and agriculture was carried on by large tenant farmers. In no part of England has agriculture been pursued with more capital or more science. The adventurous spirit of the moss-trooper has been turned into a more productive channel. Instead of its old appearance of desolation Northumberland everywhere bears traces of comfort and prosperity. The farm labourers live not in villages, but in substantial cottages built near the homestead. But at the beginning of this century their houses were little better than the rude clay huts which their ancestors had inhabited a thousand years ago. Four earthen walls, with a thatched roof, a hole for a chimney and a hole for

a window, was all that a labourer found for a house fifty years ago. His one article of furniture was a box-bed—that is, a bed arranged so as to fit into a wooden partition which went across the dwelling. In one half the family lived, in the other half stood the cow. All this has been changed within the memory of many who are still alive. Northumberland, which was for centuries a scene of violence and pillage, is now peaceful and contented. Its people are hard-working, intelligent, orderly, and well-educated. The farm labourer in Northumberland is better off than in any other part of England. He is hired for the year, and receives his wages like a domestic servant, whether he is able to work or not. His

weekly wage at present is fifteen shillings, besides a house rent-free, and a large allowance of potatoes grown on the farm, making a total of about a pound a week. The Northumbrian *hind*, as he is still called, does not envy the artisan whose work is uncertain. The Northumbrian miners are foremost among their class, and their representative, Mr. Burt, M.P. for Morpeth, has long given worthy expression to their political aims. One of the most encouraging signs of the present day is the interest taken by the Northumbrian miners in their own education by means of lectures from University teachers, of which an account was given in the January number of this magazine.



A Letter from Home.

WHEN far from our loved ones, the silent tear starting
Bedims the rough pathway where friendless we roam,
The balm that can soften the sorrow of parting
May often be found in a letter from home.

For who can have wandered, alone and a stranger,
And felt not his being with ecstasy thrill,
To know that through solitude, sadness, or danger,
The thoughts of his kindred have followed him still?

How treasured, how sweet are the words of affection,
When traced by the hand that was friendship's true gage,—
And how swift, as we read, to our fond recollection
Comes back the dear face that bent over the page.

Oh yes, there are ties that no distance can sever—
They girdle the mountains, they span the wide foam,
And love does but rivet them closer whenever
It speaks to the heart in a letter from home.

SYDNEY GREY.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER I.—GOOD NEWS AND BAD.

THE coachman threw the reins upon his smoking horses and descended from the coach. He did it with dignity, though quite unobserved. I am thus particular as to the coachman's dignity because it was out of the common in so fat a man, whose proper girth moreover was swollen by the addition of two waistcoats, two overcoats, and a driving-cape.

Having reached the ground, and pounded it in a tentative way with his foot, he removed his glazed hat by tugging at the brim and tipping it forward at the crown, and, taking out a large handkerchief, scrubbed his head and as much of his neck as was accessible through the thick folds of a comforter.

Mysterious person!

Who has fathomed the depths of a coachman's being? Who can tell me of his private existence? Who knows whether he have any private existence?

A puff of steam rose like a white flag and floated in the air half a mile away, and the train glided round the bend of the hill and approached the station. As it came up the whistle screamed shrilly.

The coachman's brow clouded. He put his hat on with a jerk, and screwed it upon his head with a vicious twist that made him wince. It was his daily penance. Its sequel was equally odd. He went off with a double handful of oats to an ass in a neighbouring field, whose invariable habit it was to bray in response to the engine-whistle. Then he took his reins in hand and mounted to the box again, his great red face charged with an expression of unlimited contempt for railway trains, guards, porters, postmen on bicycles, and all other persons and things that had helped to supplant the race of which he was a survival. These were ancient grievances, but the recent opening of a branch line in that neighbourhood had revived them in full force.

Only one passenger left the train—a young man of good build and carriage, but with no special pretence to fine looks. The face was essentially a pleasant one. If you had talked for awhile with the owner you might have remembered it as a face you would willingly encounter again. But with the exception of the eyes, which were dark and singularly steady, there was no feature which could properly be described as handsome. The general expression was self-reliant, as though the young man had accustomed himself to stand on his own base.

Being very slightly burdened with luggage, he ran up the steps from the platform, two at a time, and put his pleasant face out at the station door to look for the coach.

The coachman turned stiffly in his seat, and,

recognising a friend, regained his good-humour and eased his hat.

"Hey, Maister Arnol", zur, 'ow be? 'ow be?"

"Maister Arnol" pitched his travelling-bag on to the roof of the coach and climbed up after it, selecting as if by preference the most difficult mode of ascent. Seating himself under the broad wing of the coachman, he indicated his readiness to start by a brief, "Go ahead, Job!"

It was only a two-horse coach—and an old-fashioned one at that—but the coachman's flourish at starting was worthy the Jehu of a four-in-hand. Indeed, a man of his bulk and style should have driven nothing less.

The horses pulled with a will, straining at the traces and flinging up their heads with an air as though they were no strangers to oats. On they rattled, a good twelve miles an hour. The pace was exhilarating, and so was the brisk and tingling air. It was about half-past three on a crisp December afternoon; and beneath the clear glances of the winter sun Nature seemed to begin anew a calm and ordered life. The fields were freshly released from the grasp of the frost and divested of the snow, except that here and there little crisp patches lay in the hollows, checkering the lush greenery. The eye travelled over the foreground, with the timid cattle lingering by the hedges, and taking in the larger features of the landscape rested at length on the dominant hills beyond, where the snow lay, in sunshine and in shadow, as pure and unruffled as the sky above.

In the course of ten minutes the coachman had exhausted the conversational formulæ proper to the occasion—which embraced a reference to the circumstance that Master Arnold had been six months away in London, a conjecture that Master Arnold had therefore had enough of London for a while, a casual comment on the health of the neighbourhood, and the prospect of the next county meet, a biographical sketch of the new huntsman, and a peroration in which agricultural and other "depressions" were traced to the malt-tax and the cutting-up of the country by "these 'ere wretched trains."

"The malt-tax was repealed eighteen months ago, Job," observed the passenger.

The coachman said he hoped he knew what he was talking about; but appeared after a moment's hesitation to entertain doubts on that point, for he spat with dexterity between his horses' heads, and ceased to talk at all.

Now this did not displease the passenger. On the contrary, he was glad of it; for he was full of his own thoughts, which were scarcely of a kind that he could share with the coachman.

His name was Arnold Lee, and he had just

passed his twenty-third year. He had that morning left his post in a solicitor's office in London for a week's holiday in the country; and the two-horse coach with Job on the box was completing for him the final stage of his journey home. "Home" was under the roof-tree of his uncle, the Rev. Paul Brunskill, bachelor, vicar of Three Dykes, an exceedingly remote parish in a far western shire.

Young Arnold carried good news, and cherished high hopes.

His heart literally bounded as he recalled triumphantly the words with which he had that morning quitted the presence of his principal.

It was phenomenal—to be called into your chief's private room; to be told by a timid and suspicious man that you had won his confidence; to be offered at three-and-twenty the highest place in the office of a wealthy city solicitor, and told in plain terms that what he proposes out of his great confidence is to admit you, upon trivial conditions, to the actual control of his business. That was something to have done by five years of work. Arnold thrilled with honest satisfaction as he recalled that final interview with his master, Mr. Rupert Trimble, of Bedford Row. He was unconscious of Job's proximity. He drew himself together with a happy exclamation, and brought his hand with a sounding smack upon—not his knee, but the leather apron of the coach.

And for his hopes? They may be condensed into one little word, and that word a woman's name—Marian. Marian, whom he had not seen for six months, whom he would see again to-morrow, perhaps to-night, and whom this good news, with which his heart was swelling, would gladden, for he dared to think that she was concerned in it almost as much as himself. The promise his employer had given him that morning meant a new step in life for him, an advance in his profession, and every step forward in that was a step nearer to Marian.

To talk about Marian to the coachman was out of the question; nevertheless, Arnold was burning for tidings of her, and so, with a lover's cunning, he went about and inquired innocently whether Job had seen Lieutenant Dean that day, or the day before, or within the last three days. Lieutenant Lemuel Dean was Marian's uncle, with whom she lived.

But the coachman feigned not to hear. He had excellent ears, as every coachman should have, but, like Victor Hugo when people pester him about things that do not interest him, he could be hard of hearing on occasion. He was debating within himself whether it were really possible that the malt-tax should have been repealed eighteen months ago without his knowledge; for he had anticipated that event as a forerunner of the millennium. Consequently he paid no attention to Arnold, who relapsed into silence.

A few miles more and the scene began to wear a friendly aspect. The fields had a look of home, and the lanes branching off from the high road, and the tiled roofs of farmhouses, whose comely and hospitable interiors Arnold knew well.

Presently the coachman assured himself, by a process of reasoning which if detailed would fill two pages of this journal, that the malt-tax had not been repealed, and coming to himself with a "klck-klck" to his horses, he executed a flourish of his whip above the ears of the brown mare, and unbent his countenance.

Still he said nothing about Lieutenant Dean, and Arnold did not want to hear anything else. But how should the coachman know that?

A dull, deep, volcanic sound somewhere in the region of his belt presaged intelligence of some sort, after which the coachman cleared his throat and became articulate. Arnold saw that his Jehu was revolving matters of deep import within himself, and he checked the further inquiry that was on his lips.

"Joe Bexley's ghoast want walk no more this zide o' medzummer."

"Ah—yes, yes—of course; that's a good thing," replied Arnold, as though he had heard the voice of a suddenly vivified Sphinx, for he did not at that moment care twopence for any ghost, quick or slumbering.

"Ye zee, Maister, Arnold, 'e laid un vair this time."

"Who laid who fair?" asked Arnold, vaguely.

"W'y now, wat be I a-talkin' of but your uncle, Paas'n Paul, a-layin' of Joe Bexley's ghoast?"

"Why could not my uncle let Joe Bexley's ghost alone?"

"W'y cud'n Joe Bexley's ghoast let deazent volk aloan? Zee now, Maister Arnol', a zims to me you doan't unnerstan' thikey there ghoast. It be visty year zens Joe Bexley died an' passed away zudden like. A died o' Zaturdy, week avore rents was due, and Messes Bexley—her was a hard ol' zoul, her was—her thinks it'll be zum trouble a-getten' of um een. Zo her taakes an' lays un i' underground zellar, which was powerful cold, an' gives out ol' man's bad i' tap chamber an' likely vor git up 'bout Zundy nex'. Zo rents comed een reg'lar as yertovore, an' w'en zo be as all's een, Messes Bexley, her tells volks as 'ow Joe died night avore. D'yee zee, Maister Arnol'? D'yee zee? Then her takes an' buries un pooblic an' zolum like. But"—and here Job became impressive—"the zperrits—o' zich—will—walk. An' Joe Bexley 'e walked a good un. Walked ol' Peters into vits to-morrer's a week! Zo volks comes, an' they zays, zays volks, Paas'n Paul better lay un i' Marvin's Pond, zee'n as volks can't stan' thit zort o' thing. An' Paas'n Paul—Maister Arnol'—'e done it, wi' hincantazhun an' zpreaden' of 'ands like!"—and the coachman paused and added in an awful voice—"like Joshuaay an' zetten' back o' thikey there blessed zun!"

"Had he any assistance?" Arnold asked, after a moment's impressive silence. "Was Lieutenant Dean there?"

But this, like the former question of similar import, was fated to go unanswered, for Job, casting a glance over the country, had his eye and attention arrested by a singular figure in the middle distance.

A furlong off, a low hill, riddled with rabbit-

holes, rose in the centre of a grass-field. On one side of the hill two rabbits were nibbling the short sward; on the other side a man, lying all his length on the grass, with a gun in his hand, was creeping cautiously to the top; a stealthy terrier at his heels, whose attitude told that every hair was bristling and his eye like a coal.

Job, moved by the instinctive sympathy of one sportsman with another, instantly reined in his horses, that the rattle of the coach might not disturb the game.

Keeping his eyes fixed on the sportsman, he laid a weighty hand on Arnold, and whispered,

"D'ye zee un? Thikey es Paas'n Paul a-zalkin' rabbits."

By this time the sportsman, still flat on his waistcoat, had crawled to the brow of the hill. The rabbits spied the brim of his hat and darted for their burrow, but the parson's gun was at his shoulder in a twinkling. Bang! bang! and bunny and his mate turned a double somersault and dropped stone dead three yards from where the shot had struck them. The terrier careered and yelped a pæan, and Job clapped his great mittened paws and shouted; and the sportsman (for he merited the name) picked up the game and strode towards where the coach stood at an angle of the road. Of fence and hedge he made light work, seeming to walk right over the one and through the other. He sprang down the last bank and came along to the coach.

Altogether a notable figure, and as this type of Churchman is now (may-hap for the better) pretty nearly extinct in the land, a minute will not be wasted in taking stock of him. A big round face, of fine mahogany hue, strongly marked features, and a bright jovial eye, broad forehead, bulging at the eyebrows, square chin, beneath which passed a short thick beard of a dull grey colour; a massive frame, which looked as though the owner might have given odds to Friar Tuck. This was the Rev. Paul Brunskill, vicar of Three Dykes since "the thirties," for he was nearing his seventieth year: a cleric of whom you would have said at a glance that no one of the Thirty-Nine Articles had ever disagreed with his digestion. He barred the road in front of the coach, his jolly gaitered legs wide apart. The coachman eyed him from top to toe with boundless admiration.

"Welcome home, my boy," exclaimed the Rev. Paul, in a lusty voice, to his nephew. "I've got your supper here!" and he clapped his hand on the pocket where he had thrust the rabbits, and laughed prodigiously. Job pealed in response. When these two huge men laughed it was like the trumpeting of Neptune's tritons.

"Keep it up, gentlemen; keep it up!" said Arnold. "I haven't heard music like that for six months."

"Nay, a man do 'ave no room vor laugh i' Lunnon," put in Job.

"Well, come down from that; come down, you young cynic," cried the vicar. "I'd be ashamed of riding on a coach after six months on a stool in London. Come down and stretch your legs."

"You'll walk me off them in twenty minutes, uncle."

"More shame for you! Job, my lad, how old shall I be at Easter?"

"Seventy, Paas'n, seventy, as be voretold i' Scripture."

"D'ye hear that, young sir? Now, are you coming? Put him down, Job, and call at the Vicarage as you pass. Ann will pay you."

"Well, don't run me too hard, uncle." And Arnold reached the ground with a spring which showed that long confinement in a solicitor's office had not taken much elasticity out of his muscles.

Job sent them off with a blast of his horn (it had belonged in old days to the London coach) which would have shaken a fortress. The horses started off at a gallop, and the vicar stood in the road and hallooed till they were out of sight.

They were now not more than a couple of miles from the Vicarage, but the Rev. Paul was out for his constitutional, and had no notion of curtailing it by taking the shortest way home. A detour through the fields would add another two miles to the distance, and into the fields the vicar struck, Arnold at his side.

"Glad to see you, my boy; very glad to see you. Well, what's the news? What sort of a show had the Smithfield Club this year?"

"I didn't see it, uncle."

"Humph! I should think not, in boots like those; they'd pinch a Chinawoman. How long does it take you to get them on?"

"Why, uncle, these are Waukenphast's 'easy broad-soled walking boots.'" And Arnold looked down at his feet cased in boots of flexible leather, which, though strong and sensible, looked almost dandified as they kept step with the vicar's country-made highlows.

"Well, what *have* you seen?" asked the Rev. Paul, ignoring this explanation. "Are they going to hang that person who poisoned his cook? You ought to know something about that."

"They hanged him yesterday, uncle."

"Very good; very good—though a cook can be very trying at times. I've had to give Ann notice."

"What, again, uncle?"

"Yes; but she will go this time."

"That depends upon Ann, I expect," thought Arnold, who was not unacquainted with the trials of his uncle's *ménage*.

"So you've been laying a ghost, uncle, I hear."

"Ha! You've heard that already, have you? Where did you hear it?"

"Job is full of it."

"A gossip! But the whole county's full of it. I'll let ghosts walk the village four abreast at high noon before I lay another."

"How did you lay him, uncle?"

"Lay him, my lad? In this wise." And raising a massive fist to the level of his head, he brought it down with a sounding thwack into the hardened palm of his other hand. "He won't do it again. But never mind the ghost. Let the perturbed spirit rest, and tell me some news."

"Nay, but tell me your news first, my dear uncle. Remember I've been away six months, and you here all the time. How are the lieutenant and all of them at the Vineyard?"

"Yes, yes, my dear boy, but we've both been apart six months and there must be news on both sides. Well, well, I will tell you all my news after supper. Do you think I ought to write to the bishop about that ghost? You shall draw up an official report for me to-morrow, and lay emphasis on the fact that the Sunday after I had given the ghost his quietus the congregation was at least twice as large as usual. Now push on ahead and I'll catch you in two minutes. You can't outstrip me far in those boots."

So speaking, the vicar dived into a cottage they had just reached, where, though he was lost to sight, Arnold could hear him rating the occupant in good set terms for having his chimney choke full of soot. The lecture closed abruptly with the chink of a coin on the table, and the Rev. Paul came out fuming.

"When the spring comes round, if God be willing, I'll put in hand some rousing sanitary reforms in this place. They're wanted! In all my forty years it's never been so bad. The dullards! I'll have such a putting-in-order that Three Dykes shan't know its own face when the thing is done."

There was less spontaneity in this outburst than might be imagined. It was not characteristic of the Rev. Paul to threaten such a violent disturbance of the social calm of his parish; but the fact was that the new bishop had been making his influence felt; and by way of concession to frequent representations from that quarter, the vicar of Three Dykes had lately got into a way of saying that great reforms were needed and must be put in hand.

The day had fallen in when they reached the Vicarage. A little moon slowly climbing to her high place welcomed the traveller's return with soft sisterly radiance; and the leafless poplars that belted the house on one side were moved by the night breeze to make their grave obeisance. It was deliciously still and restful; and Arnold, spite of his inward impatience touching that matter that has been hinted at, felt the quiet enter into his soul. It was home; and by his side was the rugged faithful old man, his uncle, whom he loved as a father. The low, spreading Vicarage was sharply outlined against the sky, and the light of the moon fell on the window of the corner chamber that had been "Master Arnold's" from a lad.

The click of the gate had been heard in the house, so when they reached the porch there was standing in it a comely, big-boned woman of severe yet not repellent aspect, wearing a good gown of modest colour, and holding high in her hand an old-fashioned lamp, which threw a ring of light about her. This was Ann Hanoch, the major-domo of the Rev. Paul's establishment.

"I think I told you she must certainly go this time," whispered the vicar to his nephew, but not quite so valiantly as before, and, indeed, with a half-renting severity.

Now, the truth was, that in everything appertaining to the internal economy of the Vicarage Ann Hanoch had her own way. The vicar knew it, and once in every quarter he revolted. Regularly on pay-day the Rev. Paul "had it out" with

his housekeeper during a *mauvais quart d'heure*, when no quarter was given or taken, and ill-luck befall the hindmost. The battle always came to an end in this fashion: "Very well, Ann; if that is your opinion you had better seek another situation." "Thank you, sir, I will do so." It never got beyond this. As for giving notice seriously to Ann Hanoch—pooh! you might as well have given notice to the Monument. Of this the vicar was aware, otherwise it would never have occurred to him to take so rash a step, for she had been with him for years, was an invaluable housekeeper, and had an incomparable recipe for griddle-cakes.

"Good evening to you, Ann Hanoch," said he, in a sterner tone than he would have ventured on but for the support of Arnold. "I have brought my nephew home, whom I think you know. You will give particular instructions about his boots, which are of a curious prettiness unknown in these parts, and will want more attention than is usually bestowed on mine. My nephew has been good enough to give me some news of London; amongst other items, that they have effectually hanged the person who did his housekeeper to death by poison. I have expressed my approval of the course taken by justice, with a rider to the effect that a housekeeper can be very trying on occasions. But of course poison is poison. My nephew and I are quite ready for supper."

Ann Hanoch took no more notice of this oration than if it had been addressed to the moon. What she did was to plump her lamp down on the settle in the porch, step out with her cap-strings flying, take Arnold by the shoulders, and buss him heartily on both cheeks. Nor did the good lad resent this vigorous salute; on the contrary, he expected it, it was a part of the home-coming. The touch of his mother's lips was only a dim sweet dream of his childhood.

"Love his boots! I'll have Keturah up an hour earlier to scour 'em."

So much for that ornate harangue of Parson Paul.

Keturah, it may be said in passing, was the only other member of the vicar's household—a wiry slip of a girl who shared Job's admiration for her master, with a vast appetite, and nothing to show in return for her diligent efforts to appease it, whereby the vicar used to say that she reminded him of one of the lean kine of Pharaoh's dream.

"Well, here's a merry Christmas to us all!" said the vicar, when they stood in the hall.

In its excessive neatness, and in the quaintness of its furniture, more especially in the wide and queerly-shaped staircase, the hall was a little suggestive of an old Dutch interior. It seemed to Arnold that nothing had been moved since he stood in it last, and as a matter of fact nothing had. But the door of Ann Hanoch's particular cupboard in the passage leading out of it must have stood open, for there was a penetrating odour of spices and rare apples from the orchard.

Supper smoked in the dining-room—a long, low room with faded-green walls and high-backed wooden chairs without cushions. The vicar commonly supped on cheese and apples, but for this

night Ann Hanoch had killed the fatted calf, and had dressed it learnedly.

During the meal the vicar toasted his nephew in cider—he suffered no stronger liquor on his table—and Arnold toasted his uncle, but his heart drank to Marian.

After supper they adjourned to Parson Paul's study—a unique snugger of its kind. The floor was of smooth brown stone, with no covering but a rush mat for the vicar's feet when he sat to write his sermon at the table. There was an open hearth, which held a fire of peat and logs, the smoke from which had well seasoned the raftered ceiling. There were deep recesses in the room, in one of which stood the vicar's gun and fishing-tackle, and from the ceiling hung samples of herbs and seeds and bulbs in packets. The literary furniture of the room was not excessive, and the theological volumes, though sterling of their kind, were a little crowded by treatises, new and old, on the gun and the rod, together with a posse of works of a martial tenor, for the vicar loved a tale of battle.

"Now then, boy," said the Rev. Paul, when he had spread himself in his chair, with one leg thrust against the fireplace, "let us talk of your affairs. How are you prospering? Is Trimble still satisfied with you?"

This opening was traditional. The first sitting in the study, on the occasion of his visits home, was always devoted to a discussion of Arnold's professional prospects. It was, truth to say, a subject the vicar approached with no particular relish. He had an antipathy for the law and its professors, which was partly constitutional and partly the outcome of a series of trying encounters with the local practitioner Hogben, who had figured prominently in an agitation against tithes. The vicar had always come off best in these encounters, but his anger against the man of parchments was not stayed. He had been grievously disappointed when Arnold announced his intention to make his start in life in a solicitor's office, talked about the folly of putting a blood horse to drag the parish hearse, and so on. But since Arnold had gone into the work with a will, and showed unmistakably that he meant to advance himself, Parson Paul was too good an uncle to discourage him; besides which, he knew his nephew for a young man whom it was uncommonly difficult to discourage. So he never failed, on the first evening of Arnold's visits home, to put on Nestor's cap and a good grace, and inquire with a great show of interest what satisfaction he was giving to his principal.

Arnold told him what the reader has already learned. Now this was a substantial benefit which the vicar could not fail to appreciate.

"You are a fortunate fellow, Master Arnold—yes, and a good and deserving fellow too. And Trimble, he's a good fellow too. You shall carry him my compliments and a brace of hares when you return."

Then the vicar delivered a short homily on perseverance and its sure reward, and broke off in the middle, saying he would finish the subject in his Sunday sermon.

"And now, Uncle Paul," said Arnold, when the vicar had done with his homily, "you know all that I want to hear from you. It is long since I have had any news of our friends at the Vineyard. I want to know how Marian is."

At this the vicar looked a little uncomfortable, and hesitated before he replied, which strengthened a suspicion in Arnold's mind that there was something on this subject which his uncle had been unwilling to communicate.

Ordinarily the vicar's first news when Arnold came home was of the Vineyard and its inmates, between whom and the people at the Vicarage there existed ties of the closest description. The two houses were divided in space by some three hundred yards, and no more. The friendship between Lieutenant Dean and Parson Brunskill dated from their college days, nearly half a century before, and the loves of Marian and Arnold were coeval with their childhood. What was the reason that the vicar had been so silent on this of all subjects in the world?

After a moment's pause, the old man said,

"I am afraid, my boy, that you must prepare yourself for a little disappointment in that quarter—nay, now, don't look so scared about it; I hope it is nothing serious. But the truth is that Marian is not home, and the reason of that is that she is not well. The lieutenant has been sent for to Cambridge to the college to see her."

"Ill! Marian ill, and I not to know of it! Why did you not write to me, uncle?"

"Well, well, perhaps I should have done so. But I kept it back because I still hoped that it would turn out to be something quite trifling, and that Lemuel would have returned with her before you came."

"You *hoped* that, uncle? Then you do not know?"

"Well, no; Lemuel has not written to me."

"Because she is very ill, uncle, very ill. I am sure of it," said Arnold, quite tremulously, for this sudden blow had completely unnerved him.

"I think not, my boy," answered his uncle. "If there had been serious illness Lemuel would have sent me word at once I am persuaded. Why, bless me, it was only the day before yesterday he went."

"If they do not return to-morrow," exclaimed Arnold, "I shall go to Cambridge."

"Most certainly they will return to-morrow, impatient fellow!" retorted his uncle. "And I shall hear from Lemuel by the morning's post."

"Uncle, we must know," Arnold insisted, with painful emphasis; "we must know. I am convinced that this is a very serious matter. I will take train to Cambridge myself if we hear nothing in the morning."

"Tut! My headlong friend, they don't want you. You are as impulsive as you were at ten. They would send you packing home on the moment. Young fellows like you are not allowed within the precincts of a ladies' college, and a very proper thing. Be a man about this, and listen to me. You will see them to-morrow."

But Arnold's peace had been reft from him. It was a sudden and a keen disappointment, and

smote him sorely. The fears that suggested themselves he could not quell: Marian should have been home from college a week ago; it must be something very serious that had not only kept her back but had obliged her uncle to be summoned to her. All the pleasure of Arnold's home-coming had been dashed, and deep in his heart there were misgivings that worse was to follow. He went up to his room with a miserable feeling of unrest, and fell on his knees and prayed.

He would have prayed yet more fervently—were it possible—if he could have seen what was taking place at that very moment in one of Marian Dean's little rooms at Cambridge. The lieutenant was sitting there, very pale and anxious, listening to a physician, who was speaking to him some of the gravest possible words. It was of Marian that they were spoken, but she did not hear them, for she was lying on her bed in the chamber adjoining. What was said at that conference, and what came of it, shall be told to the reader in proper course.

CHAPTER II.—THE NIGHT COACH.

THE candle spluttered and went out. Still Arnold stood beside his window, looking out over the little churchyard of Three Dykes towards where the cottage called the Vineyard was half hidden by the winter trees. He knew of the disagreeable odour of burnt tallow before he was conscious of the darkness, for the moon was now high. And at last, with the sigh of a spirit utterly possessed by forebodings, disappointment, and weariness, he resolved to go to bed.

Tired out, he fell asleep at length, but it was a restless troubled sleep, and full of dreams; and in a couple of hours he awoke again. There he lay, unquiet, and full of the fever of anxiety, wearying for the dawn, which would not come one quarter of an hour sooner to lighten a sleepless lover.

Aye, indeed, and if nature should take to shifting her times on this account, there would be no trusting her any longer; for there are many of these poor lovers keeping their painful vigil every night of the year; and have been, since Jacob lay within earshot of Laban's flock and pined for Rachel.

Arnold furbished up a glimmering light from amongst odds and ends of which he knew the situation. He would read, he thought. Nay, but the pretence was doubly painful. Every page was printed up and down with the name of Marian, and always, as it seemed, in pale and sickly letters, that could not stand upright.

Should he turn out and make the best of it? No, for as he was thinking of that he slept again. When he woke next time and saw the room just growing into distinctness around him, the sight gave him a feeble sense of better cheer. He rose and looked out, but the light was only that of the moon, her face half hidden by driving clouds. It was past four o'clock. There was no sign of life without, no sound within.

But Arnold had had enough of bed, so he

dressed himself, and going down noiselessly, undid the loosely-bolted door and let himself out.

Snow was falling lightly in single and casual flakes. The air was rough and wet and biting. It was nearly dark, for the moon laboured amongst thick clouds. Nature has no welcome for man at this shivering and uncanny hour. She wants none of him; the night is hers; let him keep a-bed whilst she frolics with the witches.

Arnold went forward with a firm but dogged foot, not knowing precisely where he was going or how far; seeking vaguely the scenes that reminded him most of the absent one. The moan and fret of the distant waves were carried past him on the wind, and sometimes he could hear overhead the strong beating of a sea-bird's wings as it made for the waters. Going hither and thither, with the snow falling faster and the clouds gathering more darkly in the sky, he found himself at length outside the boundary hedge of Lieutenant Dean's little homestead, the Vineyard. Arnold paused a moment, and cast a wistful look at the cottage, but it was dark and chill, and he went on again, and walked a good hour more before he turned and began to retrace his steps.

The night and the day were already changing places. The sky passed from black to grey, and that subtle silent transformation commenced which tells that the dawn is near. A soft flush came in the east, it deepened into a red flame, and a wintry sun burst over the white and sleeping fields. It was full day when Arnold reached the Vicarage again.

I doubt whether the Rev. Paul had ever cheated the night as Arnold had done on this occasion: certainly not for a similar reason. But he was no sluggard, and winter or summer he had always made the round of his yard and garden before breakfast. Arnold came upon him reciting Homer to his pigs.

"Hullo!" said the vicar; "not breakfast-time for a long while yet. What brings you out so early?"

"I was out long ago. Has the post come yet?"

"Post! No. D'ye think we want to get up at daybreak to read letters? The post won't be here for another three hours. Let's go and see if Ann will give us breakfast half an hour earlier."

This Ann declined to do, on the ground that the vicar might be disposed hereafter to regard it in the light of a precedent. So the gentlemen were fain to content themselves with a glass of cider and an assurance that breakfast would be ready at the usual hour.

"A great woman, Ann; and about as movable as a lighthouse: shall I ever replace her?" observed the vicar, as he put a match to his study fire. "But what put it into your head that she would give us breakfast half an hour earlier?"

"It was in your head, not in mine, uncle."

"Was it? Well we'd better not ask her again. Now for the day; let us see. I have to make a round this morning; will you come with me? No, you're out of sorts; better stay at home and do something here. There's that report for the bishop, or you might lop some firewood, and the

cabbages wouldn't be the worse for a touch of the hoe. Do I smell the coffee? I believe she has got the breakfast after all."

Arnold continued to flag, notwithstanding his uncle's efforts to rouse him. His uncle guessed the cause, and debated within himself whether it were best to leave him for a while to his own resources. But he concluded, "Not at all. Set him to work. When I'm out of sorts myself I saw logs for firewood." This was taking what is more or less absurdly called a practical and common-sense view of the situation.

To Arnold he said, when breakfast was over, "I don't think I'll take you round the village, my boy. Can't show Three Dykes such a long face as yours at Christmas-time; they'd find it worse than the ghost. Leave you to yourself, though, and you'll mope like a sick hen. Come into the study. Now here's pen and paper. Set to on that report, and if a notion occurs to you for a sermon jot it down when you've finished my defence for the bishop. Now I think you'll be all right. If you feel more cheerful in an hour's time come and meet me." And the vicar took his visiting hat and went out.

The Rev. Paul Brunskill was a Churchman of an antique pattern. A good and faithful man according to his lights, but his lights were not very brilliant, and his notions of duty, sound enough as far as they went, were perhaps not very exalted. Clerics of his stamp have had their day. The modern Church has little room for them. One such remains here and there, in quiet far-away parishes, seeming by a miracle to have escaped suppression under the hard law of the survival of the fittest: interesting at this day chiefly from the standpoint of the archaeologist. A placid and Boeotian parish was well satisfied with his ministrations, but it was long since he had been in touch with the world outside, and he was little familiar with the varied forms which clerical activity has taken in recent years in the great centres of population.

In the Georgian era such a clerk would have stood a good chance of preferment, but in these days of manifold and multiplied energy in spheres within and without the Church, he had not succeeded in attracting the favourable notice of his ecclesiastical superiors. His friends had put him, when still a young man, into this small, poor living of Three Dykes; in middle age he awoke to find himself stranded, and no step upward or onward had he made since then.

It was not in him to feel bitterness, and what slight regrets he might have experienced in the distant days when he first became aware of his hopeless isolation had long since vanished. He schooled himself into contentment, and grew fond of his little cure.

He married the men and women whom he had baptized as infants; he buried their fathers, and himself became the father of the whole community.

He was as a Patriarch in Israel, or the father king of a Greek state in the heroic age. No authority restrained him, but his despotism was paternal.

He made his rounds twice a week, on the days that best suited his own convenience. Thus, if he said to himself on Monday night, "I'll go the rounds to-morrow," and Tuesday's sky promised a good day's fishing, he would fish on Tuesday, and make his parochial rounds on Wednesday. For the parish to grumble at this would have been absurd, for a good day's angling was followed by a liberal distribution of the spoils.

Well, here the old man was in his visiting hat and second-best coat, setting out on his rounds this winter's morning, within a few days of Christmas Day.

Three Dykes had a sort of negative character of its own, by which I mean that it possessed few of the institutions one looks for in an old-established English village. Indeed, it was hardly a village at all in the larger sense of the term. A hundred years before, there was found in it neither alehouse, grocer, baker, corn-mill, tailor, shoemaker, blacksmith, apothecary, nor midwife; nor was it much more liberally furnished at the period with which this story is concerned.

The church had a low tower and a pitched roof, and three stoves to warm it; yet it was both cold and damp.

"I'll write a history of Three Dykes one of these days," said the vicar to himself, as he turned into the straggling street. He had made the same remark any time these twenty years, but the work was yet to do.

He presented himself at the cottage of William Green, demanded to see William, and fined him sixpence for keeping his hat on in church.

"It was a piece of wicked contempt, William, and shall be made an example of. You will pay sixpence into the poor's box. If your head is cold, sit against the stove."

He knocked at the door of George Devenish, and found George in bed with the rheumatism.

"George," said the vicar, sternly, "too young a man to have come fairly by the rheumatism, *you* are, George. Been more poaching lately than ever, I'm told. I caught a poacher once, and put my stick about his bones. Get well of that rheumatism, George. Wouldn't take my walks at night, if I were you."

He came upon a child playing truant under the very shadow of the school-house; in fact, with his back against it.

"What's this? Playing truant the day before the holidays! Get in with you—get in. Who'd ye think ever got any learning into his head by bumping his back against the school-house?"

Called on Mrs. Cordukes and found her in tears. Death had just removed her old friend and neighbour, Mrs. Higgins, but it was not for that she wept, but for the unkindness with which Mrs. Higgins, the day before her death, had received Mrs. Cordukes's last request.

"I did ask zhe if zhe chanc'd across ma James. o' th' ither zide, be zure an' tell en thikey there mor'gage es ahl zettled; an' her zays she've gat better things 'n that to thenk on."

"Well, well, come now, Mrs. Cordukes, this is foolish. What is the mortgage to James now? And do you think Mrs. Higgins could go clanking

through heaven to find your James? Dear! This is a foolish generation."

And so the vicar went from house to house amongst his people, playing the comforter here, the medicine man there, the counsellor and law-giver everywhere.

Arnold was "left sitting," with his feet on the rush mat, his knees under the table, in the vicar's study. Ink and paper were before him, and he was in full possession of his uncle's wishes on the subject of the report to the bishop. But he did

up logs for firewood. The vicar would have said "Bravo!" had he seen him.

He felt the better for the exercise, and stuck to the axe till he perspired at every pore. He had raised a goodly pile of logs when he finished. He ought then to have gone back to the report, but he did not.

The post came just as he was adding the last log to the pile, and he went hurriedly to take the bag; unlocked it, and glanced at the contents. But there was no letter from Lieutenant Dean.



A BARGAIN.

not write it. He did not make an attempt to write it. The poor fellow was desperately out of sorts. He could not rid his mind of the belief that Marian was seriously ill, far away from home; and while he yearned for tidings of her he dreaded to receive them.

Surely the post was late? He was very glad of that; he was very angry at it. He did not know what he felt; his mind was a mere chaos of doubt, anxiety, and fear.

He pushed the paper away and went out, walked up and down the garden, turned into the yard, pulled off his coat, and set to work to hack

He threw the letters down with an impatient exclamation, and set off to walk to the Vineyard. "There may be a letter there," he thought. But there was none. The servant had received no advices whatever from her master or his niece; had heard nothing since the lieutenant went away; could not say when they would return.

Arnold turned and went home, worse at heart than ever.

In these few hours his feelings had deepened greatly. He felt towards Marian now as he had never felt before. On his side there had been a strong and single-hearted love ever

since he began to be a man; yet a steady and a quiet love. It had not been demonstrative, scarcely even had it openly declared itself. That Marian knew of it he could not doubt, yet he had never asked to be accepted as her lover. Was it necessary?

They had been side by side since children; had formed the same tastes in childhood, had cherished the same hopes and fancies; and the partial separation brought about when Arnold went to begin life in town, and Marian went full of ambition to college, had not divided them in thought or heart. Long ago there had taken place that complete interchange of feeling and emotion which results in a sort of spiritual identity.

What need that Arnold should say to Marian, "I love you"? But he knew now that his love was a passion, strong and all-possessing. Think, then, of his disquiet.

He turned out of the lane in which the lieutenant's cottage stood, went through a field or two, and struck into the high road, not caring to go in search of his uncle, and in no particular hurry to reach home.

But the Rev. Paul was a person you were always pretty certain to meet when and where you least expected to encounter him.

Arnold came upon him a quarter of a mile from the Vicarage, cheapening a turkey with a man who was taking a drove to the market town.

"Queer thing," said the parson to his nephew, "but I quite forgot till I met this man that we hadn't a turkey for Christmas. What d'ye think of this bird—is there a meal on him?"

The vicar had a keen relish for a bargain, and always drove a smart one. I have noticed that this is a business in which parsons have not many superiors.

He bought the turkey cheap and drove it home at the point of his stick. In the yard he handed it over to Keturah, who took a gross delight in slaying birds for the table.

"Finished the report?" asked the vicar, when he had seen the turkey bestowed in the coop.

"H'm! I think that matter will want a good deal of thought," replied his nephew; but it was a weak evasion.

"Well, I believe you're right," said the vicar. "It's not a thing you can dash off in a hurry. I'll tell you what, we'll walk over to the kennels this afternoon and have a look at the hounds: we can talk it over on the way."

They walked to the kennels, saw the hounds, and discussed the report. It was growing dark when they set out for home. Half a mile from the Vicarage, Arnold gave his uncle the slip, and went over to the Vineyard.

It was a fool's errand, he knew. Nothing could have happened since the morning; there could be no fresh news, for there were no means by which it could have come.

As he neared the cottage he heard the sound of wheels upon the road. He stopped and listened. It was the coach, for he caught an echo of Job's strong blast on his horn.

He climbed the bank, and far down the road in

the gathering dusk he saw the coach approaching. A feeling half hopeful came over him. He strained his eyes to see what passengers Job carried. But it was too dark. He could discern no more than the blurred outline of the coach looming far down the road.

If there were passengers for the Vineyard Job would stop at the corner. The coach came clattering along. At the corner Job reined in his horses with a jerk.

Arnold ran forward at full speed. As he neared the coach a voice called from the inside, and Job turned his horses and drove down the lane towards the cottage. He had never driven off the high road before. But it was impossible Marian should be coming home in this way! The coach passed Arnold, and went on, and stopped outside the gate of the lieutenant's cottage. Arnold was there almost as soon.

A tall thin figure, cloaked from head to foot, got down from the coach. It was the old lieutenant, very grave and silent, with an anxious look on his face.

He did not recognise Arnold at first, but some one else did.

"Uncle, it is Arnold!" a faint but most sweet voice exclaimed from the interior of the coach, as Arnold stepped into the light of its lamp.

He was already at the door, and as Marian raised herself with an effort, and he saw how complete was the wreck of her physical powers, he lifted her unresistingly, with her cloak all gathered about her, and carried her into the house.

This, at any rate, was better than suspense.

Six months—a moment of youthful life—and it was as when the fierce July sun blights at a stroke the bloom and freshness of your brightest flower. The leaf and petal remain, but the current of their life is stayed, and death is imaged in their drooping helplessness.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT THE DOCTORS SAID.

HE carried her into the little parlour and laid her on the sofa. The coming of the lieutenant and his niece had not been announced, yet everything was in readiness. The candles were lighted, the fire was blazing, the sofa was drawn before it.

"Lie there, and do not stir; we will do everything for you," said Arnold; and she gave him a quiet smile, and an unspoken gratitude shone in her tender eyes.

Anxious as he was, it was a delight to move about her, to unwrap her, to put the pillows under her head—to do a hundred little things for her comfort. And he did them so gently and noiselessly.

"One would think you had been training for a nurse," she said, with the ghost of her old laugh.

The old servant, who had carried Marian as a babe, looked so scared to see her young mistress in this sad plight that Marian had to assure her she was much better, and really only a little tired. "See, there is my uncle," she said. "He is very hungry, and wants his supper. Look you to him,

Phœbe ; Arnold shall be my squire to-night, and get me all I want."

She spoke cheerily, but Arnold looked at the grave face of the lieutenant, and read there a tale which contradicted his niece's words.

"What must we do for her, lieutenant?" he asked.

The lieutenant passed his hand nervously across his eyes, and answered, in his slow, indecisive manner, "Eh? Yes; she must be very quiet. I think, my dear, that I must not let you talk—that is what the doctor said."

"The doctor must be obeyed, Uncle Lemuel. You hear, Arnold, that I am not to talk to you. But I may talk to-morrow, uncle, may I not?"

"To-morrow, dear? Yes; if you sleep well to-night you may, I think, talk to-morrow—a little. But you are to be very quiet. Has Phœbe lighted the fire upstairs?"

"The fire is lighted, sir."

"Then, my dear, as the fire is lighted, I think it would be better we should get you to bed at once. That is what the doctor said."

"The doctor must be obeyed, dear uncle. Say good-night to me, Arnold, and keep all your news for to-morrow."

"I shall carry you to your room first," he answered; and she let him lift her from the sofa and carry her up the stairs, and at her chamber-door he gave her into Phœbe's hands.

"You must not look so sad and solemn," she said, with her sweet smile. "Now that I have come home I shall be well again at once. Good-night, Arnold, good-night; come early to-morrow. How much we have to tell each other!"

The lieutenant, after watching them up the stairs, had gone back to the parlour and seated himself mechanically in his high-backed chair at the corner of the fireplace. He seemed quite dazed, and took no notice of his supper, though it was many hours since he had eaten. The fingers of one hand played in a vague, tremulous way in the folds of his long blue cloak which hung over the back of the chair.

Arnold went up to him. There was a very warm affection between these two.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you are very much distressed. Tell me faithfully what you think of Marian."

"Eh? Not to-night. No; I seem not to be able to talk to-night. It has come upon me so suddenly. To-morrow, to-morrow; and bring Uncle Paul with you; I have much to say to him."

"But she is a little better?—she says that she is better."

"She does not know—she does not know. I must talk to Paul about what the doctor said. Come you both over to-morrow. I shall be more capable then; to-night I am quite astray."

And the lieutenant, whose mind always hung fire a little, and who seemed completely prostrated this evening, gave Arnold his hand, but did not go with him to the door, as his general habit was.

Arnold went out alone and returned to the Vicarage.

"I'll shoot no more rabbits for *you!*" said the vicar when he presented himself. "They must be

boiled to rags! Where have you been star-gazing now?"

"They have come home, Uncle Paul."

"Ha! didn't I say they would come to-day? How is she?"

"She seems completely broken down."

"As bad as that? The poor child! Well, I always denounced that college. And Lemuel—how is Lem?"

"He is terribly upset; he has scarcely a word to say."

"Knocked over, eh? Poor Lem! He never could keep his head when the weather was on. Does he want me?"

"Yes; he wants to talk with you to-morrow."

"We'll go the first thing after breakfast. Poor Marian! But don't look so glum, my boy; she'll soon get well at home. She has been working too hard; it's the examination for that degree has done it. What a nice-looking girl like Marian wants with a degree is more than I can imagine. If she had taken half the trouble to find a decent husband—yourself, for instance—I'd have thought better of it. Ring for the rabbits."

Breakfast the next morning was a very brief meal with Arnold; he was impatient to start before the vicar had well done with his second egg.

"I'll leave you to follow, uncle," said Arnold, who knew that the old man would find a score of small matters to attend to before he was ready to go.

"I'll be up with you at the turnip-field, or I'll go without my dinner," replied the vicar, without looking up from his egg.

The sun was just kindling the fields; it was a perfect winter's morning. On such a morning Arnold and Marian had gone a-skating hardly a year ago. To-day the blue smoke curled from the chimney of the room where Marian lay on the couch before the fire.

She had insisted on going down after breakfast. Arnold would be there early, she said, and she meant to receive him in state.

She was nestling, swan-like, amongst her pillows. There was a winning and a penetrating grace in her manner that belonged entirely to herself. She was full three years younger than Arnold—a woman almost, yet still a girl, and the clear spring fragrance of girlhood about her, which is like nothing so much as the smell of woodland violets. Ay, and there was a woodland purity in her nature, for she had looked on the open sky all her life, and on trees and wild flowers, and all natural things. There was a primrose tenderness in her complexion; her eyes were a deep brown, changing their shade often in changing lights; and her hair was brown, and of so fine a texture that if you had not seen it loose on her neck as Arnold saw it now you would never have guessed the wealth of it.

Arnold entered in rather anxious mood, but the first night's rest at home had refreshed her, and she was brighter, and rallied him on his solemn air.

"Here's a fearful personage for you! You look as if you had seen Mr. Brunsell's ghost. By-the-

by, he must tell me about the ghost himself; I have had Phoebe's version, but that won't do at all. Have you brought Mr. Brunskill with you, Arnold?"

"He will be here immediately. But, Marian, are you better—are you really better?"

"Don't I look better? Don't I talk better?"

"Yes, you do indeed! But, you know, that does not satisfy me; I want to hear you say it. Tell me directly just how you feel."

"He talks to me like the doctor! Well, you shall be the doctor, Arnold, if you like—Dr. Lee, the brilliant young practitioner, whom all the Faculty are jealous of because he is so much cleverer than they. Now, feel my pulse and take my temperature, and then shake your head and say the case exhibits such peculiar features that you cannot pronounce on it immediately!"

"Stop, stop! you must not talk so rapidly. The doctor forbids it. He prescribes repose, and a few words at a time, and quietly, because there is so much to be said. Now I am going to drop the doctor, and you are going to tell me everything. You can't think what a miserable fellow I have been since I came home."

"And all about me, Arnold?"

"All about you, Marian."

"Who told you that I was ill, Arnold?"

"Uncle Paul. But it was not from him that I should have heard it first, Marian."

"You mean that I ought to have written to you or Uncle Lemuel ought to have written. But he did not know it any sooner than Mr. Brunskill, and a week ago I did not know it myself."

"It happened as suddenly as that?"

"It seemed to come in a moment. You know I was working very hard for the degree. I worked night and day; I seemed to want no rest; I had never felt so strong in my life. But three weeks ago I began to lose my sleep at night, just as you did when you were reading for your last examination. There was nothing but that, and even the sleeplessness did not seem to matter, for I worked closer than ever. At the last I seemed to have double strength. For three days I read as I had never read before, and then—I don't know any more. The girl I was reading with came to my room after breakfast, and found me on the floor insensible."

"Ah, but it was wicked, very wicked of them to let you work so," said Arnold.

His eyes had filled with tears, and he took one of her hands in his and held it close.

"No one was to blame, Arnold. There were others who read quite as hard as I did. If I had slept, no harm would have come."

"But when they found you insensible, Marian?"

"Well, then the doctor came, and Uncle Lemuel was sent for."

"And what did the doctor say?"

"I think he said more than he need have done. He did not say very much to me, but he frightened poor Uncle Lemuel dreadfully. I think he told him that I must be sent away to France or Madeira or somewhere. He might just as well have said to New Zealand, for of course it is absurd. And

he told me that I was not to read at all, which is sadder than anything."

Arnold looked exceedingly grave. He doubted whether Marian had been told everything. The effort of talking had exhausted her, and now she lay back with the colour passing from her cheeks and a faint moisture on her forehead.

"Dear Marian, if the doctor says you must go away for a time, you must go."

"Arnold, you know it is not possible. Uncle Lemuel has already done more for me than he can afford. While I have been at college and Lucy has been at school in France, Uncle Lemuel has been very poor at home. He has taken to his old military cloak again this winter because he would not buy himself a new one. And I see that he has not put up the new arbour he wanted in the garden nor the fence round the paddock. No, he shall not spend any more on me."

Arnold was silent. He was putting to himself the bitter question, What was to be done supposing it were necessary for Marian to go away, and there were no means of sending her?

Marian saw the trouble in his face, and made haste to say,

"Dr. Grey is coming this afternoon. He knows me much better than the Cambridge doctor, and he will say that a little rest at home is all I need. See, there is Mr. Brunskill with Uncle Lemuel. Go and say, Arnold, that I want him to show me how he laid the ghost."

The vicar and the lieutenant were pacing the narrow paths of the garden. The mild wrinkled features of the lieutenant wore a strained and anxious look, and he passed his hand frequently over his soft grey eyes, which was his habit when distressed.

"So that is the opinion of the Cambridge man, is it, Lem?" asked the vicar.

"Yes, Paul. That is what he said. He told me that the night before we left. He said the case left no room for doubt."

"You shouldn't have sent her there, Lem. No place for her. I'd have taught her myself."

"It is fifty years since you and I were at College, Paul."

"Tut! I take it, Lemuel, that the fundamentals are still the same. If they are not, so much the worse. I tell you I would have taught her bravely."

"Well, I am obliged to you, Paul; I am obliged to you. But it is all too late now."

"I will not hear you say it. This Cambridge man, I don't trust him. He did not know the girl; he judged on a glance. Wait until Grey comes. You will see what he will say."

"Ay, ay; we will wait for confirmation. But suppose that Grey says—"

"Uncle Paul, you are to come at once and show Marian how you laid the ghost," called Arnold.

"Beshrew the ghost! Has Marian heard of it too? An untimely spectre. I'll come, I'll come."

"Well, lieutenant, what have you told my uncle?" asked Arnold, as he joined the lieutenant in the garden.

"We are waiting for Dr. Grey, Arnold. He is coming, you know, this afternoon. Paul thinks we need come to no decision until he has been. She is brighter to day, eh? What do you think, Arnold?"

"Yes, she is brighter, certainly. But I should like to know exactly what the Cambridge doctor said."

"You shall know, Arnold; you shall know. But let us wait for Dr. Grey. He has known her from a child, you see."

They had not long to wait, though Arnold chafed because the minutes were not seconds.

Dr. Grey came at lunch time. The lieutenant received him, and had five minutes' conversation with him in his study. Then he took him to Marian in the parlour. He was with her for an hour. When he left Arnold took his place at once, and the doctor went to the garden and was in consultation for some time with the lieutenant and the vicar.

"What did he say, Marian?" was Arnold's eager question.

"Not very much, Arnold, after all."

"Not very much in an hour!"

"I mean not much about myself. He was telling me stories most of the time. He does not think me a very bad case, I am sure, for he only said, 'We shall see,' when I told him the Cambridge doctor's dictum about my having to be sent away. But he said I had been up long enough for to-day, and that you were to carry me upstairs again at once."

When Arnold was walking home with his uncle, and not until then, he learned the doctor's fiat.

"I had better tell you at once, my boy, what Grey said to us." And there was a kindly and almost gentle touch in the vicar's voice as he spoke. "It is very grave news indeed; very sad news—for you, and for all of us. Grey says the Cambridge doctor did not overstate the case in the least. Marian must leave England at once, or she cannot live six months."

CHAPTER IV.—AN INSPIRATION.

THERE is a terrible situation in a story by Poe of a prisoner who wakes in the dead of night to find that the four walls of his prison are closing in on him. He stands in the midst—helpless, gazing, while death creeps to him. A fate as resistless seemed to confront Arnold. He had, you see, made Marian's fate his own.

In the midst of some thickets, not more than a mile and a half from the Vicarage, was a wild and lonely place called Canvey's Cave. In this solitude, centuries before, a fanatic had buried himself from men. Thorns and nettles had covered the face of the hermit's lair, and the ground all about was broken and rocky. The place was girt round with stunted and twisted trees. It was the most solitary spot for miles round. Few of the peasant people went near it by day; none of them would pass it by night. In front of the cave was an even strip of ground, the length of a sentry's beat.

And here was Arnold.

To this place his wanderings had led him when he fled, as it were, on hearing the words that seemed the doom of Marian and himself. Night was falling, but he neither knew nor cared. Restless and wrestling in spirit, he paced to and fro across the bit of level ground.

The kaleidoscope of the future had been broken all in a moment. There was nothing before him but this—that Marian must go from England at once, or she could not live six months. This summed up all. To this small hard issue Arnold's universe was reduced. He felt the responsibility his own, yet was powerless to move. And she must die, for she could not go from England.

None knew better than Arnold that the lieutenant, her nearest relative, was powerless to help her. Marian's education had crippled him. "I have nothing to leave her," the old man had said years before. "At least I will fit her to make her own way when she is alone." And for this end he had spent three-fourths of his narrow means; had denied himself, and lived hardly, caring nothing if only a future might be secured to Marian.

And this was wasted; for Marian, in her zeal to repay her uncle, had brought herself to the brink of physical ruin.

There was no way out of it; there was neither retreat nor advance. It was as when a traveller has lost his way amongst trackless mountains in an unknown region; he has climbed to the edge of a precipice; he can go no step higher, and descent is impossible.

It was pitiful to see how Arnold agonised. He clenched his hands and writhed; not in spirit only, but in body.

Night came down rapidly. The moon would not rise for full two hours, and it was now almost dark. The trees creaked in the wind, but all else was silent.

Arnold quivered under the strain of his feelings. A horrible sense of desertion came over him. It seemed as though Marian were being abandoned, and he with her.

To quit England at once, or die in six months! And no way of going, and no one to help her! He groaned aloud, and an inarticulate prayer shaped itself within him, that a way might be found to save her, and that he might be the instrument. They say that prayers like this, where the self-effacement is complete, wing the swiftest path to Heaven. But the very heavens seemed obdurate, as he searched the present and the future for some atom of encouragement. What was the present or the future to him? He would surrender them both to save Marian. Would be a bond-slave, if she might only live!

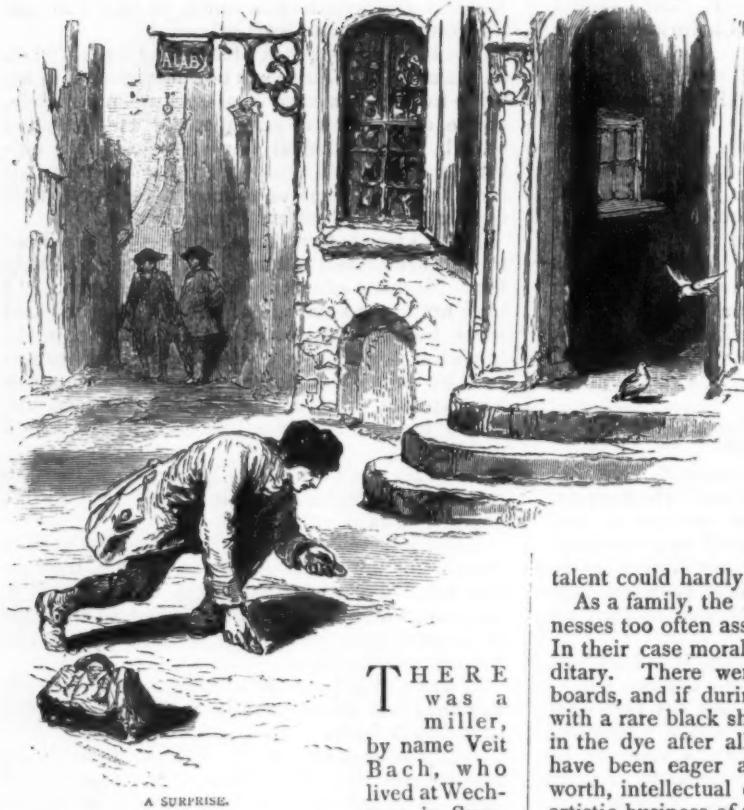
What was that? A bond-slave—to save Marian!

Arnold stood still in his walk, arrested, as it were. The thought took form in his mind, almost in the instant of its entering. He was illumined by it, and it sent a glow through him from head to foot.

Yes, he could do it. There was sacrifice in it—such sacrifice as youth and love might glory in with equal triumph.

"THE FATHER OF GERMAN MUSIC."

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



HERE was a miller, by name Veit Bach, who lived at Wechmar, in Saxe-

mar, in Saxe-

Gotha, about the year 1600. He had considerable taste for music, and his principal enjoyment consisted in playing the "cytringen" (probably a zither) to the clattering accompaniment of his turning mill-wheels. It was a happy union of business and pleasure.

This taste for music was still more marked in his sons; then his sons' sons inherited it. Most of the family adopted music as a profession, and the best posts as organists in their native province came at last to be filled by Bachs. They furnish a remarkable example of hereditary genius—one of the most striking, indeed, on record. Through four consecutive generations the Bachs followed the same calling with enthusiasm, and no fewer than fifty musicians entitled to an honourable place in the history of the art are to be found amongst them.

Curiously enough, their name, like that of Gade, the Danish composer, may be written in a single musical note, read according to different clefs, as here shown. It must, however,

be explained to the English reader that B-flat in German is simply B, and that B-natural is H.



Their musical name and musical nature kept company for nearly two hundred years, at the end of which time the spell was broken and the artistic pre-eminence of the Bachs came to an end. Such a monopoly of

talent could hardly be expected to last for ever.

As a family, the Bachs had none of the weaknesses too often associated with the tuneful tribe. In their case morality as well as music was hereditary. There were no skeletons in their cupboards, and if during the two centuries we meet with a rare black sheep he does not seem so dark in the dye after all. They appear almost all to have been eager after the best things: moral worth, intellectual cultivation, and success in the artistic business of their lives.

Union is strength, so they kept close together, ready to give each other not only good advice but material assistance. When one of them died, a son, a nephew, or a cousin was pretty sure to step into the vacant post. They were contented, plodding, cautious; they were thrifty, and they



BACH'S BIRTHPLACE AT EISENACH.

needed to be, for musicians in those days were not paid like princes.

Every year they held a family meeting at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt, and had musical performances together. These annual gatherings give an idea of the strength of the clan; at one of them no fewer than a hundred and twenty Bachs, all musicians, were present.

The greatest of them, the Bach of Bachs, was Johann Sebastian, to whom considerable attention is now being directed, the bicentenary of his birth having fallen this year. To speak of him is the object of the present article.

The leading events in the life of Johann Sebastian Bach are soon told. They are neither numerous nor striking. He was born at Eisenach on the 21st of March, 1685, and was the youngest son of Ambrosius Bach.

General education he obtained at the Latin School—at which, by the way, Luther had once been a scholar—whilst music was studied at home, his father giving him lessons on the violin. Unhappily, when he was ten years old both his father and mother died. An elder brother, organist at Ohrdruff, then took charge of him and continued the musical instruction which had been begun by the father, adding to the practice of the violin that of the organ and clavichord.

The young Sebastian showed himself in haste to make progress, and was ambitious to play much more advanced music than the brother thought proper. There is a tradition that the latter had a manuscript volume of pieces for the clavichord by the most celebrated composers of the day, and on mastering this collection Johann Sebastian had set his heart. The use of it was refused. Entreaty having failed, the boy tried cunning. He managed to withdraw it surreptitiously through the lattice-work door of a cupboard in which it was kept, and—having no means to buy candles—copied it by the light of the moon. These stealthy labours lasted during the moonlight nights of six months. When the brother found out the trick that had been played he, rather

shabbily, one is inclined to think, took the boy's copy away, and Johann Sebastian only recovered it on his brother's death, which happened soon afterwards.

Thrown, when that event took place, on his own resources, he made a marketable commodity of a fine soprano voice with which he was gifted, and began his professional career in a choir at Lüneburg. This gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the principal works of vocal music then in use. But he still continued the study of the organ and clavichord, and on his voice breaking his diligence was redoubled in the direction of instrumental music.

Whilst at Lüneburg he used frequently to go to Hamburg in order to hear the celebrated organist Reinken play. It is related that once when he had lingered at Hamburg longer than his means allowed, he had only two shillings in his pocket on his way back to Lüneburg. Before he reached home he felt very hungry, and stopped outside an inn, from the kitchen of which proceeded such tempting odours as made him painfully aware of the disproportion of his appetite to his purse. His hungry appearance seems to have struck with compassion some casual lookers-on, for he heard a window open, and saw two herring heads thrown out into the road. The sight of these remains of what are such a popular article of food in Thüringen, his old home, made his mouth water; he picked them up eagerly, and great was his surprise on pulling them to pieces to find a Danish ducat concealed in each of them. This discovery enabled him not only to satisfy his wants at the moment, but to make his next journey to Hamburg in a more comfortable manner. The unknown benefactor, who no doubt peeped out of the window to watch the result of his good-nature, made no attempt to know more of the boy.*

When eighteen years old Bach obtained a musical situation in connection with the Court of Weimar, and saw something there of aristocratic

* C. H. Bitter's "Life of Bach."



A FEW BARS OF BACH'S MS. MUSIC.

life. It was a homely Court; it went to bed at eight o'clock in winter and nine in summer.

His reputation grew; he soon became known as the greatest organist of his time, and his services were much sought after. From Weimar he went to be organist at Arnstadt, then to Mühlhausen, then to Weimar again—as Court organist this time. Other changes followed, but we come to the last in 1723, when he was appointed Cantor at the Thomas-Schule in

were the result affected his health. He died of apoplexy on the 28th of July, 1750.

As regards the personal appearance of this great musician, his countenance is described as one of singular dignity and refinement. Thick eyebrows stood out from beneath his great forehead, and he had that long firm nose which they say fortune gives to her favourites that she may use it as a handle when she draws them to the front. His knitted brows might be taken to indicate severity



From a German Print.

Joh. Sebastian Bach.

Leipzig and organist and director of the music in the two principal churches. There he remained for the rest of his life.

Ever since his boyhood Bach had been near-sighted, and at last his vision entirely failed. No doubt he had overworked his eyes in copying not only his own compositions but works of other composers, which he used for purposes of study. Copying music, too, by moonlight was a bad beginning. He was induced by his friends to put himself into the hands of an English oculist then at Leipzig, but two operations which were performed entirely failed, and the sufferings which

of character; but, remarks one writer, "the impression is softened by the sweet sensitive lines of the mouth."

He was quick-tempered, and fired up sometimes at very trifling opposition. But excuses must be made for the irritation of an artist when he finds himself opposed and unappreciated by the Philistines. The worshipful Corporation of Arnstadt once rebuked Bach for his "perplexing variations and strange harmonies whereby the congregation was confounded," and on such an occasion no doubt he needed a stock of good temper. He also had occasional disputes at

Leipzig with his employers, the town councillors, who were sometimes shocked by the "unclerical" style of his compositions and by the independent way in which he conducted himself.

But there was a genial side to Bach's character, and in his relations as husband, father, and friend he secured the admiration of all who knew him. He was of a deeply religious spirit, and this is evident in everything he undertook during his busy life. The view he entertained of his own profession may be seen from an answer he gave to one who asked him to define the great end of music. "Its great end," said he, "is none other than this, that it minister solely to the honour of God and the refreshment of the spirit of man."

Modesty has never been a characteristic of musicians, but Bach was modest. The question was once put to him how he had acquired his great talent. "By working hard," he replied: "and all who like to work as hard will succeed just as I have done." His biographers have only put on record one example of self-confidence, and that was when he boasted that he could read anything at sight: it was a conceit, however, that was soon taken out of him by a friend.

He was twice married. The death of his first wife, Maria Barbara, forms one of the few melancholy events of his career. He was returning from a pleasant visit to Carlsbad, and when on the road and no news could reach him his wife suddenly fell sick and died. When he arrived at his own door, full of happiness at the thought of seeing her again, he found that she was already buried. His second wife, Anna Magdalena, was fifteen years his junior, but—thanks to similarity of taste—she proved an admirable companion; helping in his work and sharing in his pleasures. By his first wife he had seven children, by his second thirteen—there were twenty in all, eleven boys and nine girls.

The few glimpses we get of Bach under his own roof-tree are pleasant. He was attached to family life. "His art and his family," says Herr Maczewski, "those were the two poles around which Bach's life moved; outwardly, simple, modest, insignificant; inwardly, great, rich, and luxurious in growth and production."

It was an industrious household—Bach himself setting a fine example. He performed his official duties; he composed; he copied works of other masters for his own improvement; he engraved some of his own pieces on copper; he manufactured musical instruments. Often he was found labouring far into the night.

The family had many concerts amongst themselves; Bach's wife, who had a fine voice, and his children all taking part. The young people were musical from the cradle, like one of Mozart's sons who, when he cried—and we have Mozart's word for it—used to begin howling in whatever key his father happened for the moment to be playing.

To work merely for the sake of making money never seems to have entered Bach's mind. His ambition did not lie in that direction, and when the necessities of the day were provided for he

seems to have been content. Both ends were made to meet, but it was only by the practice of rigid economy. When stipulating for salary at Mühlhausen, he had to include in the bargain the use of a horse and cart to bring his household effects to his new home. We have a good instance of his prudence in a letter he wrote to a relative who had sent him the present of a cask of wine. He says he is very much obliged, but the expense of carriage has been to him simply ruinous, and he begs that the gift may not be repeated.

Of organists, Bach is, by general consent, allowed to be one of the greatest. All the artifices of the keyboard were familiar to his fingers, and his feet could produce with the pedals effects which belonged to other people's hands. We hear of him playing a pedal solo at Cassel in 1714, and he did it with such marvellous agility that the hereditary prince who was present, roused to enthusiasm, drew a precious ring from his finger and presented it to him on the spot. With the structure of the organ he had the most intimate acquaintance: he could superintend its repair, and, for that matter, was competent to build one himself.

On the clavichord also his skill was unsurpassed. This was his chosen instrument for study: the harpsichord was too hard, and the pianoforte—then in its infancy—does not seem to have taken his fancy. "There can be no doubt," says Mr. A. J. Hipkins, "of his having shared the opinion of his son Emanuel, who regarded the pianoforte as only 'fit for rondos,' and always expressed his preference for the clavichord."

He had many pupils, who flocked to him attracted as much perhaps by his executive skill as by his genius as a composer. A number of these afterwards became famous, and were proud to acknowledge the benefit they had derived from his teaching. To all who showed real talent he was kind, genial, and full of encouragement. When any one complained of difficulty, "Why," he would say, "you have five as good fingers on each hand as I have." On one occasion his pupils stood about him expressing astonishment at his playing. He turned his head and, with a laugh at their open mouths, said, "There is nothing at all wonderful in that: you have only to touch the right key at the right moment and the instrument plays itself."

In teaching both the organ and the clavichord one of the points on which Bach used to insist was that the practice of the instrument should from the beginning go hand in hand with composition. He assumed that it was impossible to learn to play unless one could think musically.

He always tuned his clavichord himself, and may almost claim to have been the founder of the modern practice of tuning by equal temperament. Before his day equal temperament existed in Europe only in theory. One of his best-known works is the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," a collection of forty-eight fugues, with as many preludes, in all the different keys of the scale. This famous production no player on keyed instruments can afford to ignore. Schumann recommends it to

every young performer "as his daily bread." "You will thus," he adds, "surely become an able musician."

Bach's inventive capacity was shown not only in his adoption of equal temperament, and his innovations in the art of fingering—for in that too he introduced great improvements—but in the construction of a new instrument, the lute-harpsichord (lauticlavicymbel). This instrument had surprising brilliancy of tone. The difficulty of tuning, however, led to its abandonment, and no wonder, if in that respect it at all resembled the first of the instruments from which it derived its name. The difficulty of keeping a lute in tune is proverbial: it used to be said that a lutenist

His inspiration was in many cases drawn from the old chorales of Germany, which formed a body of national music handed down from the times of the Reformation, and in some instances dating still farther back.

There seemed to be no limit to Bach's fertility; he wrote an enormous quantity of music and exerted his powers on almost every possible description, both vocal and instrumental. The best known of his vocal compositions is his "Passion according to St. Matthew," allowed, by universal consent, to be the finest work of the kind that ever was written. We may also mention his "Passions Musik" to the words of St. John, the Christmas Oratorio, the Grand Mass in B minor,



BACH'S INTRODUCTION TO FREDERICK THE GREAT AT POTSDAM.

eighty years old had certainly spent sixty in maintaining his strings at the proper pitch.

Let us speak now of Bach in his higher character as a composer. A great creative genius he certainly was: one of the most remarkable indeed of the monarchs of the world of music. His inexhaustible fertility, the novel and independent character of his work, its profound science, and deep earnestness, all entitle him to lasting fame.

He occupies a well-marked place in the musical history of Germany. One writer calls him the "Founder and Father of German Music," and the title is deserved. His compositions have a distinct national character, both in essence and construction, and they are the first formal musical utterances in which this peculiarity can be seen.

and the Magnificat in D. He wrote many sacred cantatas, and also many secular, including two comic ones.

Amongst the inexhaustible mass of his instrumental works are the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," which we have already spoken about, the Grande Suite in D for the orchestra, and for the organ what is known as the Chromatic Fantasia.

Comparisons have often been drawn between Bach and Handel. They were contemporary musical giants, both born in the same year. Their styles are as different as their lives: the difference between the two, it has been well said, "is the same as that which lies between a great philosopher and a great epic poet—between Plato and Homer." They are equally great in their

ways, but the poet will be understood with less effort than the philosopher, and listened to with more pleasure.

The two composers unfortunately never met. Bach was very desirous of making Handel's acquaintance, and during two visits which the latter paid to Halle he tried to meet him, but without success. On Handel's third visit to Halle, Bach was dead. Handel outlived Bach by nine years.

The reputation of Bach in Germany during his lifetime was very great; that his merits were not more handsomely remunerated might with a different sort of man have been a grievance, but they were at any rate fully recognised. An amusing illustration of this is found in a musical encounter he had in 1717 with the celebrated French organist Louis Marchand. This musician had arrived at Dresden on his travels, and, whilst exciting much admiration by his performances, extemporaneous and otherwise, had given serious offence to the Court musicians there by the arrogance of his manners. To teach him a lesson they hit on the idea of having a "tournament," in which Bach, then thirty-two years of age, was to contest for the honour of his country with the Frenchman. Bach was to solve any problem his opponent might set him, and the other was to do the same.

Bach was summoned to Dresden. The day arrived, and all the celebrities of the town assembled. The German musician entered, but there was no Frenchman! They waited and waited, but he never came. He had taken an opportunity of hearing his rival, and had left Dresden that very morning, his belief that he himself was the greatest of living musicians having undergone a radical change.

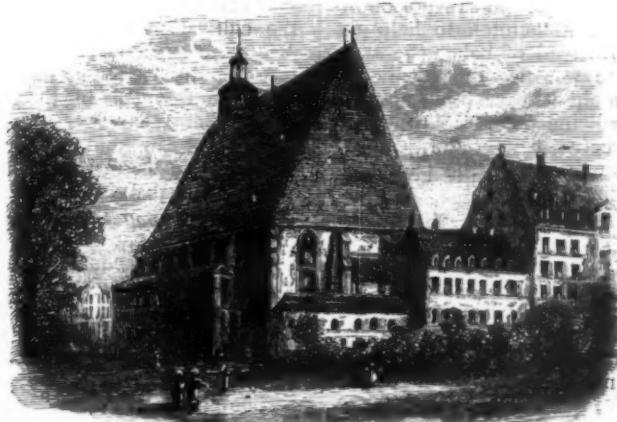
From the celebrated organist Reinken, Bach received approbation which must have been particularly gratifying. In his youth, as we have already told, he made many pilgrimages to Hamburg to hear Reinken, who was then upwards of eighty years of age. When Reinken was nearly a hundred, Bach again visited Hamburg, and this time he was the performer and Reinken the

listener. Playing extempore, Bach elaborated the choral "An Wasserflüssen Babylons" in true organ style. As the last notes died away, "I thought," said Reinken, "that this art was dead, but now I see it lives in you."

The fame of Bach excited the curiosity of Frederick the Great, and this resulted in an invitation in 1747 to the Court at Potsdam. It was the last journey undertaken by the composer. His arrival was announced just as the king was beginning a flute solo at a state concert. The monarch laid down his instrument, and turning to the musicians who were waiting to accompany him, "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "old Bach has come!" There was no flute-playing that evening. Bach was taken from room to room of the palace, and had to play on all the Silbermann pianofortes, instruments which the king particularly admired, and of which he had a considerable number. Gratified by the respect and kindness of his reception, the composer did his best, and excited the greatest wonder by his improvisations. A theme which the king gave him was worked up on his return to Leipzig, and it was dedicated to Frederick the Great under the title of "Musikalisches Opfer."

But if Bach was famous during life, little regard seems for some time after his death to have been shown to his memory. His widow had a struggle to exist, and died a pauper at last, ten years after her husband. Then Leipzig, of which he was such a distinguished ornament, rooted up St. John's Churchyard, where he had been laid to rest, and threw it into a road, and the composer's bones were scattered, no one apparently caring what became of them.

Even his music—the greater part of it still in manuscript—was laid on the shelf, the age immediately following having little sympathy with the peculiarities of his genius. How little his works spread we may gather from the fact that in 1788, thirty-eight years after his death, Mozart, passing through Leipzig, heard for the first time one of his sacred cantatas. It produced on him such an impression that he exclaimed "Thank Heaven!



ST. THOMAS CHURCH AND SCHOOL, LEIPZIG.

here is something new ; here I really learn something."

These words were repeated, and did much good in clearing away from Bach's memory the gathering clouds of indifference. Publishers awoke to see a chance of profit in his works, and performers turned to them as masterpieces well fitted for the display of the highest powers of execution.

Forty years more, however, elapsed before Bach's music made any remarkable progress towards popularity. In 1829 Mendelssohn, who was one of his great admirers, gave a performance of the "Passion according to St. Matthew" at Berlin. It was just a hundred years after its first production. From this date the "worship of Bach" may be said to have had its commencement.

In 1850, a century after his death, the "Bach-Gesellschaft" was founded at Leipzig for the correct publication of all his works. "Bach Societies" were immediately afterwards formed all over Germany, and a rage set in for discovering the beauties and mastering the difficulties—of which there are not a few—of this wonderful composer, who had thus started into new life and influence.

Our own country has followed the example of Germany in a mild way. Many of us, it must be confessed, regard Bach with wonder rather than liking : he seems colossal, and to be that and to be popular are two things. On the other hand, not a few—and the number goes on increasing—have begun with indifference and ended in enthusiasm.

JAMES MASON.

RATIONAL FEEDING; OR, PRACTICAL DIETETICS.

BY A. WYNTER BLYTH.

XI.—ALTERED AND DANGEROUS FOODS.

IN the early part of the present century, a few years after the publication of a work by Accum on adulteration, appeared a small duodecimo of 137 pages, which was familiarly known as "Death in the Pot." Its full title was "Deadly Adulteration and Slow Poisoning and Death in the Pot and the Bottle, in which the blood empoisoning and life-destroying adulteration of wines, spirits, beer, bread, flour, tea, sugar, spices, cheesemongery, pastry, confectionery, medicines, etc., are laid open to the public, with tests of methods for ascertaining and detecting the fraudulent adulterations and the good and bad qualities of those articles, with an exposé of medical empiricism and imposture, quacks and quackery, regular and irregular, legitimate and illegitimate, and the frauds and mal-practices of pawnbrokers and madhouse keepers. By An Enemy of Fraud and Villainy (London)." It was a poor morbid pamphlet, and saw poison in everything. Bread was a "crutch to help us onward to the grave," instead of being the staff of life. In porter there was no support, in cordials no consolation, in almost everything poison, and in scarcely any medicine cure. Its title and the violence of its invective caught the popular fancy, and, though now forgotten, the pamphlet had in its day a large circulation.

"Death in the Pot" might be an appropriate title for my present article, for it deals with diseases and deaths caused by altered, corrupt, and toxic foods.

There was a time when each year in early spring a plague of boils and blains fell upon the English people generally. It came to be looked upon as entirely a seasonal and natural phenomenon—some occult sympathy with the quickening vernal life, or as due to a plethora of corrupt fluids. The people, guided by the doctors, sought to correct and cure

the eruptions by strong medicines and by bleedings. This belief of some peculiar seasonal condition of the body was handed down by tradition long after the eruptions as an epidemic had ceased. Sixteen years ago I found in Wales and Worcestershire farmers and peasants who dosed themselves with salts "for the blood," and a few were bled every spring, although in the most perfect health.

We pretty well know now what these maladies were due to. The winter diet of thousands of country-folk was not essentially different to the salted courses consumed at sea in the days of Drake and Frobisher. No tea, no potatoes, no greens, no fruits, but salt fish, salt meat, salt and dark-coloured bread. Four months of such a diet naturally produced a condition analogous to scurvy ; the eruptions were, I have little doubt, scorbutic. The little nutritive difference that now exists between summer and winter diet, from the cultivation of the potato, the use of fresh meat, and preserved fruits, has extinguished this cause of disease, and eruptions are not known to be more frequent in the spring than at other seasons.

Quite at the end of the sixteenth century a strange and new disease broke out in Hesse, which puzzled the doctors and awoke the superstitious terrors of the people. In 1630 a similar malady broke out in Cologne, and Thuillier correctly ascribed the malady to the use of "spurred" rye. All through the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and even in our own century, are recorded epidemics of this malady, especially in countries such as Germany and France, in which rye bread rather than wheaten was the staff of life.

The disease is called "ergotism," and occurs in two distinct forms—one in which nervous symptoms predominate, the other in which the ex-

tremities wither and die. In the first or nervous form there are uncanny creepings about the body, sparks are seen before the eyes; there is also some numbness and loss of feeling in the fingers, cramps, diarrhoea, colic, cold sweats, vomiting, and many other painful and alarming symptoms also occur.

In the second form of ergotism the fingers, toes, and even whole limbs, have their circulation arrested, and drop off like the deciduous leaves of autumn.

I have related in my work on poisons, from the original documents, perhaps the most remarkable outbreak of ergotism in all history. It occurred in the family of a labouring man named John Downing, resident at Wattisham, Suffolk. He had a wife and six children of various ages, from fifteen years to four months. On Monday, 10th January, 1762, the eldest girl complained of a pain in the calf of her left leg; in the evening her sister, aged ten, also experienced the same symptoms. On the following Monday the mother and another child, and on Tuesday all the rest of the family except the father, became affected. The pain was very violent. The baby at the breast lived a few weeks, and died of mortification of the extremities. The limbs of the family now began to slough off, and the following are the notes on their condition made by an observer, Dr. Wollaston, F.R.S., on April 13:—

The mother, aged forty—Right foot off at the ankle, the left leg mortified; a mere bone left, but not off.

Elizabeth, aged thirteen—Both legs off below the knees.

Sarah, aged ten—One foot off at the ankle.

Robert, aged four—Both feet off at the ankle.

Infant, four months old—Dead.

The father was also attacked a fortnight after the rest of the family, and in a slighter degree, the pain being confined to the fingers of his right hand, which turned a blackish colour and were withered for some time, but ultimately got better.

As a remarkable fact it is specially noted that the family were in other respects well. They ate heartily and slept soundly when the pain began to abate. The mother looked emaciated. "The poor boy, in particular, looked as healthy and florid as possible, and was sitting on the bed quite jolly, drumming with his stumps." They lived as the country people at that time usually lived, on dried peas, pickled pork, bread and cheese, milk, and small beer. But the flour from which they made their bread was very bad. It was derived from wheat which had been cut "in a rainy season, and had lain in the ground till many of the grains were black and totally decayed"—in other words, profoundly ergotised.

Although there is still something of obscurity in the action of spurred rye, the united labours of microscopist and chemist have thrown considerable light on the subject. Ergot is a fungus attacking rye, wheat, oats, and the cereals generally, but it seems to especially attack rye. If a thin section of a healthy grain of rye be examined it is seen to be composed, first, of the seed coating; next come some cells containing gluten, and lastly

within this again the main bulk of the grain is seen to be made up of starch granules. All this structure is altered when the grain becomes ergotised. The seed coating and the gluten cells become filled with almost black cells, whilst the starch granules are replaced by drops of oil and dense masses of threads of the fungus. In the grain thus transformed the chemist has found quite a family group of poisons. Some of these poisons have been separated from the group in a fair state of purity, and found to have the singular property of causing a contraction of the minute arteries, producing as it were local pallor. This property is taken advantage of by the physicians, who with great benefit prescribe it in cases of internal haemorrhage. But even largish doses of "ergotine," given medicinally for a considerable period of time, have never been known to produce the full effects such as just described. Hence it may be that in such cases as those at Wattisham the fungus itself enters the tissues and blocks up the blood channels.

It would be rash to say that ergotism is wholly extinct in England; a succession of wet harvests would now, as in former times, ergotise the wheat. But there is little fear such wheat would be consumed, for the large importations from other countries keeps not alone the price of the loaf down, but drives bad corn out of the market.

If dark, sour, mycelium-permeated bread be a thing of the past, there are certain foods which are particularly liable to metallic contamination—such as tinned meats and fruits. Here the commercial spirit of modern invention in preserving food has also poisoned it. The unfortunate De Long, in the journal of the Jeanette Expedition, records serious sickness of the ship's crew, the cause of which the surgeon very clearly traced to the contamination of the canned foods by metal dissolved from the lining of the tin. In 1883 I made an investigation of canned fruits and analysed tins of preserved tomatoes, cranberries, apricots, and pineapples. The fruit and the juice in no single case were free from soluble salts of tin, a few in addition contained lead. One particular brand of apricots had a metallic taste, and contained no less than eleven grains of soluble salts of tin to a pound of the fruit. Such a tin of fruit is of course more or less poisonous, the effects being generally those of irritation of the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal. Who can say how many good people, with the fondness of an Emerson for pastry, eating it not in moderate angles of thirty degrees, but in the quadrants and semicircles condemned rightly by Wendell Holmes, must have suffered from this particular brand of apricots! It may indeed well be that such accidental contaminations, operating in particular instances, and causing diaphragmatic qualmings and temper-destroying flatulencies, have injured irreparably the delicate reputation of chaste, wholesome tarts generally.

All common acids, whether mineral or whether derived from fruits such as tartaric or citric acids, or the acids always present in meat, dissolve more or less tin and lead. Mineral acids attack the

metal with most avidity, the organic acids of fruits somewhat less, while the lactic acid of meat scarcely dissolves any tin. There is therefore some risk in preserving sour fruits or anything having acid juices in metallic boxes. The old way of potting jams and fruits in jars and bottles has a homely and wholesome science about it. But as for canned meats, I have nothing to say against them. The best brands are of excellent quality in every way, and never contain sufficient tin to poison a tomtit, much less a man.

From time to time cases of very serious illness are reported both in the daily and medical journals, evidently caused by eating meat in some peculiar condition—now it is a savoury pie, now a joint, now potted lobster. The molluscs generally, whether oyster, mussel, or periwinkle, are specially prone to have from time to time peculiar actions.

While there is much that is obscure about these toxic meats, this is certain—that the cases are so dissimilar that we must admit a plurality of poisons or of conditions.

The cases of recorded illness from animal foods may be arranged in various groups, among which there are two specially well defined—one in which diseased meat has been consumed, and the disease of the animal has in this way been communicated to man. In a second group, healthy meat has decomposed in a very peculiar manner, producing substances to which the name of the "corpse alkaloids" or "ptomaines" has been given.

As regards the first class, there is no trustworthy evidence that any animal save the pig can convey in its meat or muscle a disease to man; the flesh of profoundly diseased sheep and oxen has been eaten over and over again without ill effects. Take as an example the account Mr. Joseph Thompson gives of an epizootic in Masai Land. At one time he and his followers had either to be starved or eat animals in the last stage of some infectious malady (which from the description was identical or analogous to true Siberian plague). Notwithstanding that a recently-killed beast, the healthiest they could find, stank horribly, and had both sides of the ribs and the backbone rotten, and "many of the bones so decayed that a push with a stick made them crumble up," the consumption of this fearful beef caused no illness.

On the other hand, there is more than one example of specific maladies arising from eating diseased pork. The best examples are the historical outbreaks at Welbeck and Nottingham in 1880.

On the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th of June, 1880, an extensive sale of timber was held on the estate of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck, Notts. Seventy-two of the large number of people attending the sale suffered from serious and alarming illness, in four cases ending fatally. As in the infectious fevers, there was an interval of apparent health during which the malady was incubating. Then the illness burst suddenly; there was some variety in the symptoms observed, but for the most part they were those of considerable

fever with diarrhoea and sickness. The fatal cases were very similar to those of cholera.

The connecting link between all these cases was a certain ham of which all the sufferers had partaken. This ham was carefully examined by Dr. Klein. It was distinctly diseased, containing micro-organisms never found in good meat. From this ham was readily procured material which when introduced into healthy mice, rats, dogs, and cats, produced a definite and fatal malady. The proof was complete: a large number of people made ill at one time, all of whom had been at one particular place, and had all eaten of one particular article of food, which article was very different in microscopical structure to healthy food, and, moreover, was capable of producing disease when introduced into animals.

The Nottingham case was almost as remarkable. The members of five different households, fifteen in all, were taken ill on February 11th and 12th. All the persons had eaten pork purchased at a particular shop, and one of the sufferers died. The symptoms differed in no essential respect from those already detailed in the Welbeck sufferers. The illness lasted several days, and left behind much muscular weakness. Small animals were inoculated by Dr. Klein with the blood and other fluids of the unfortunate man who died, and these animals became affected with maladies precisely similar to those witnessed in the animals inoculated from the Welbeck ham. There can be little doubt that the pig which furnished the ham at Welbeck and the pig which furnished the pork at Nottingham both suffered from disease, the disease being in all probability that known as *pneumo-enteritis*.

Examples of the second class of cases of poisoning are afforded by the "sausage poison."

Cases are rare in this country, frequent in Germany. In an uncertain time, from one to twenty-four hours, after eating sausages or some form of meat there is a general feeling of uneasiness—a sense of weight about the stomach, nausea, and soon afterwards vomiting and very often diarrhoea. There is dilatation of the pupil, drooping of the upper eyelid from paralysis, and a very marked dryness of all the secretions; the mouth is parched, the skin is dry, the very tears are dried up. In a case, for example, related by Kraatzer, a woman suffered at once a double misfortune; she was poisoned by sausages, and lost a loved son, but though so much troubled no tears would flow. Other symptoms supervene, but they are all more like the effects of some active drug.

Within the last few years the substances developed during the fermentation or putrefaction of meat under various conditions has been closely studied. The study has revealed the fact of a number of toxic principles being in this way manufactured. The instinct that makes corruption loathsome is thus found to be reasonable. Among the ptomaines is one which, so far as experiments on animals go, has been shown to have a very similar effect to the sausage poison. Hence it is an accepted explanation that this ptomaine or others are produced under certain ill-understood conditions in poisonous sausages.

There are often experienced very unpleasant effects from taking shell-fish, especially mussels. I have seen a person after eating mussels swell up within two hours to an enormous size, from, it would appear, a general distention of the loose areolar tissue beneath the skin, break out into an eruption as if he had been stung by nettles, and

then get well almost as rapidly. Once and only once I have seen such a malady terminate fatally. The cause is still a mystery; it may be that the mollusc has fed upon some particular food, for there are fishes which are wholesome at one time, noxious at another, according to their food.

OUR LETTERS.

CAN one imagine a more shameless confession of selfishness than the speech we so often hear, "We like very much to receive letters, but it is a great bother to have to write them"? This simply means, "We like others to take that trouble for our sakes which we grudge to take for theirs." It is the outcome of a curiosity which likes "news," and of a vanity which desires to receive attention, but there is no affection in such a spirit. It should be felt to be as dishonourable to wish to receive letters without writing them, as to desire to incur any other debts without purpose to pay them.

Some are too ready to fancy that they have more excuses than others for failing as correspondents. But let everybody be assured that nobody conscientiously discharges any duty without a full share of self-denial and self-sacrifice of some sort. The old excuse for short or irregular letters used to be "my bad spelling," or "my bad writing." We are not sure that some echoes of these excuses do not sound even in these School Board days, and we fear it will be long indeed before the indolent spirit which dictates them does not find some pretext for self-justification. Not to know how to spell easily might be a very good reason for getting a dictionary and studying it, but can be no reason for neglecting one's friends! For how can we expect them to believe that we are willing to live to serve them, or to die for their sakes, when we will not even learn to spell for their pleasure! Let each simply do his best, and then while ever striving to do better, rest assured that love values such efforts, that affection can be recognised as sincere even if spelled with one "f," and that the highest wisdom may, in some cases, be superior to orthography. Let the bad writer, too, do his very best, and when that is accomplished, let him throw his remnant of imperfection on the mercy of his friends, as we do in matters of stammering, short sight, etc. We all have to bear and forbear. And such may also remember that whatever writing can be easily read is good enough writing so far. Let them give heed to an American divine's advice to his young friends, and "put themselves to write a large, full, regular, and free hand. Bring in no quirks and flourishes. Write a straight natural hand, without ambition, *downright honest*."

It is a very great pity if there is much truth in what is sometimes said—that letter-writing is a lost art, that the penny post has reduced epistles to

notes, while those with any gift of words and ideas have betaken themselves to indite newspaper paragraphs and magazine articles. Now surely the conditions of life are not so much changed as widened. Surely many of our foreign mails are neither so frequent nor so cheap as to tempt us to send only worthless missives by them! And is it not a fact of common experience that our talk with those whom we meet frequently has more sparkle and colour than has more ceremonious discourse with one whom we meet but seldom? Why should it be otherwise with our letters? Will not any tried letter-writer tell us that it is the gaps in a correspondence and not its continuity which check the ready outflow of sprightly thought and vivid detail? A weekly letter is not likely to be so long nor so freighted with fact as a yearly one, but if one weighs fifty-two weekly letters against the yearly one, where will the balance be; even in these matters, to say nothing of spontaneity of feeling and communication of mood? Brevity and frequency will not diminish either the social or the literary worth of letters, unless they come from hearts grown shallow, and from dissipated brains.

And letters ought certainly to have something which newspaper paragraphs and magazine articles cannot have—a something which it may be hard to define in words—but which we will recognise when we ask ourselves this question, "If we had been at any public ceremonial or social gathering which we wished to describe to some dear friend quite out of the way of newspaper paragraphs or magazine articles, should we think that we could satisfy him by transcribing even the best and most brilliant of these for his benefit?" Would he not feel, "I want your own account given to me—a presentment of that side of things which you know I care about—quite a different one from what you will give to your child or to your grandfather, or to your village at large"?

In this matter, as in most others, we think we do not wisely when we say that the former days were better than these. We believe that if we could inspect the whole contents of a single post-bag, starting from any provincial town to be diffused over the habitable world, we should then best realise what we have lost by the non-existence of such a post-bag in the days of our forefathers, for we must remember that it is not so very long since letter-writing was only the luxury of princes and courtly people—and a very short time indeed since it became the easy privilege of "the masses."

How interesting—how invaluable would be familiar family letters which could let us know how the Wars of the Roses, or the Marian persecution, or the New England witch-burnings, looked to those who, after all, were chiefly affected by them, the simple common people of their day!

In those old times all parting must have been

Green, and all the rest of God's earth seems but that "horrible wilderness" which it appeared even to the sages and poets of pagan antiquity. If travellers' books and pictures and letters do much to wear smooth roads between old countries and new ones, how much more do kindly letters passing to and fro? "As is cold water to a thirsty



THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

F. S. Walker.

like the parting of death. We must reflect on this before we can fully realise our present blessings, and we may well consider it sympathetically before we allow ourselves to feel impatient with the reluctance of the ignorant to change the conditions of their life, even in prospect of great improvement. Until some knowledge stimulates more imagination, the whole world is bounded by the poplar-trees at the other side of our own *Goose*

soul," said the wise man, "so is good news from a far country." He who cultivates the power of letter-writing takes the sting from separation.

There is no doubt that few of us make letters all they might be. Who does not know the letter whose first page is filled with apologies that it was not written before, its following pages with statements about pressure of business and paucity of news, and its last page with an explanation of its

hasty conclusion "because the post is just going off"? Its recipient may indeed feel duly "remembered," but he may well have a suspicion that he was recalled somewhat after this fashion: "Dear, dear! I've not written yet to So-and-So; I'll just dash off a line at once, and be done with it."

A letter should be the essence of conversation. A lady whose deafness required the use of a hearing-trumpet used to say that it saved her from much frivolous chit-chat, people did not care to send self-evident remarks about the weather down its imposing tube! It should be the same with letters. We should write exactly as we speak when we are speaking at our best. We should not consider so much what we think worth telling as what our correspondent will care to hear. Are we writing to one who has gone out from among us? Then a new picture should not be put upon the home walls without his being told exactly what it is and where it hangs. Let the vision of home in his mind be kept up to a present reality, and not a vanished one. Tell him all about the new friends; if some of these grow very near and dear, try to send him a photograph which shall lend a living shape to their names. We knew one sweet mother, deservedly cherished by her son, whose faithful letters from her Eastern home to the young student in England, would even contain little scraps of her new dresses, so that he might think of her exactly as she was. Call this not trivial; only a rarely tender and sensitive nature could have thought of such a thing. Nothing can be trivial which keeps bright the links of affectionate remembrance between loving hearts.

We should never let neighbourly inquiries and friendly messages be taken for granted, and not duly reported and delivered. Let birthdays have their congratulations, and let dates of life, joy, or sorrow find fit remembrance. Do not ignore the new friends of whom your boy or girl writes to you. You do not know them, but surely if they are good to your child you love them. Surely you prayed that your darling might find such friends in his first loneliness; then let him know that you thank God that your prayers are answered. Indeed, a direct message of kindly thanks to the good people themselves will be appreciated. It will give the stamp of your approval and blessing to the new links weaving around your child, and will stimulate kindly feeling on all sides. Besides, can we be truly thankful to God for any blessing if we do not endeavour to express our thankfulness to the human hand by which He gives it? The Master tells us that they who do not feed the hungry and succour the distressed have rejected and denied the King in their person, and in the same sense must it not be that they who withhold gratitude from the man to whom it is due withhold it also from God? The pleasant duty of genial thankfulness is not studied half so much as it should be.

The letters we receive we should read with care, heeding every inquiry in them, and answering it to the best of our ability. If we are asked to discharge any little commission we should do so promptly and cheerfully, entering into full explanations

concerning it the next time we write. We should rather cultivate the passing to and fro of these little commissions, for they maintain a cheery sense of nearness. People who are doing something for each other cannot feel far apart.

It is most essential that letters which go between those who really love and care for each other, and whose lives have much in common, should be perfectly frank. If, alas! there is a family skeleton in the home, then the letters which leave home must not ignore its existence. To do so is but cruel kindness. The absent one knows that the trial is there, and dead silence only keeps him in perpetual consciousness of it, and prevents him from believing in and enjoying even those recitals of peace and pleasure which may have really been quite unshadowed. To share in sorrows and trials is one of the sacred rights of love, of which we must not attempt to defraud each other. But let it also be remembered that we may write about sorrows, not sadly, and about trials, triumphantly. Do not let a letter which has to go thousands of miles carry with it a taint of mere temporary depression. Do not let us make our friends in Australia sad at Christmas-time because we had a fit of dumps in the first foggy days of a London November. But if we take care to write all letters in the sunshine of unselfish love, be sure that can beautify the whole truth about sickness and loneliness and poverty, and even about the sins of others.

Such candour is equally binding on those who have gone forth to fight the battle of life. In all letter-writing, as in everything else, the fundamental rule is, "Be true." The seeming beauty of some forms of deception must not blind us to their real character. It is a great virtue to make "the best of things," and one cannot help sympathising with the most strenuous efforts to do this. But if they mislead they may become absolutely cruel. One of the most heartrending chapters of human experience is the story of the poor despairing boy-poet Chatterton sending grandiloquent letters and showy gifts to the mother and sister, whose next news of him was of his despairing suicide to escape starvation. Yet it is a story which in various degrees of sudden woe has been repeated again and again wherever youthful pride and independence are brought into contact with anxious yet trustful solicitude and affection. Let us all be true. Do not let there be any concealment of even what may seem but venial lapses from the habits which have been enjoined upon us, and which we have promised to cultivate. Let the boy write frankly to his mother—that he has been falling into late, lazy morning habits, but that he intends to struggle against them. Where can he find a better help than the determination that, when she gently inquires if he has really done better in this respect, he shall be able to reply that he has conquered his indolent tendencies? If the young man grows irregular in the discharge of his religious duties, let him candidly own it, instead of incidentally mentioning, as if it was a matter of course, the one occasion on which he strolled into church, while he keeps dead silence as to

the ten Sundays when he absented himself. Frankness is the best guardian of virtue, the best barrier against vice. Let not the young correspondent conceal what he feels to be the dangers or evil influences among his new surroundings, though he may well accompany such confidence with an explanation of his own determination and device to escape them. Let him not disguise it, if he finds himself disappointed in the new friends who first won his heart. He may rest assured that if this utter sincerity may somewhat check or shake the sense of security in the hearts that love him, this is only that it shall be established for ever on a sure foundation.

And as the youth goes forward in life, and learns to value the good lessons and influences of his earlier days, let him spare remembrance and recognition for them all. He need not feel certain that his Sunday school teacher will have forgotten his name, or that his pastor must have so many letters coming from other members of his flock that he will not care for one from him, or even that his favourite author gets such good reviews that he would only snub a friendly note! Let him write to them and try! He does not dream how much joy he will give, how much despondency he will rebuke, how many efforts he will quicken! The utmost blessedness of life is reached when one soul can stretch forth its hand to another and say, "You helped me to be good." This is worth everything else. This is that heavenly wealth which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. He who receives it is a rich soul.

A letter is a very real possession. It has not the charm of tone or glance which accompanies the spoken word, but neither has it their evanescence. It will remain with us. It has been addressed to us with a deliberate directness very rarely attained by speech. For this reason "common rights" to a letter should be very delicately asserted. Nobody should feel hurt by being told all the "news," and yet not shown the letter. Of course, it is not always so. It may be so this time and not next time, just as one sometimes wishes to speak apart, and sometimes in a circle. There may be a confidence concerning a mood, a doubt, or a hope, which may be for one heart only, not for a whole family. Feelings and facts have their by-ways as well as their highways, and if all feet may tread everywhere at all times there will soon be general sterility!

Letters which are supposed to be regular should be as reliable as care and circumstances will permit. Nobody can tell how many days are wearily dragged through with all the marrow taken out of them because in the morning the postman fails to bring what was expected. And these days are sometimes allowed to grow into weeks and months. Indeed, herein lies one of the unutterably bitter—because wholly unnecessary—sufferings of life. Those who feel it most are least likely to say much about their personal share of it. Let us make it a point of endeavour that our letters arrive when they are expected, while, on the other hand, let us be consistent and considerate in our expectations. Nobody needs pity for an exacting temper which will not make

large allowance for the delays and cross purposes of foreign posts, or for the pressing claims of duties which can be hardly realised. All such difficulties would be happily adjusted if each of us faithfully studied the injunction, "He that hath friends must show himself friendly." Let us in opening our correspondence explain all that can ever possibly delay or divert our communications—so as to allay anxiety or sad feeling before it arises—and then do our utmost to counteract the obstacles we have foreseen. Are these little matters? Be it so: life is made of little matters, and only in heeding them is life, and especially friendship, either secure or happy.

For the secret of happy correspondence lies not so much in the frequency of letters as in their reliability. We have known dear friends who, except there was absolute occasion for it, rarely exchanged letters more than once or twice in the year. Two such instantly rise upon our mind's eye. They were women, and their friendship dated from the girlhood of the one and the early maturity of the other. Both had honoured and loved the same people, and had joined in the same pleasant duties. Bereavement came; trial came. They clung to each other and believed in each other through all sorts of perplexity and misunderstanding. Then their lives separated. By this time both alike were middle-aged. Each life was full of those present pressing claims which absorb every mental and physical energy. Each felt that the other was safely anchored on the Everlasting Rock, and knew where to seek for comfort and counsel, and needed nothing more of human help than the assurance of faithful human love. They could trust each other in long silence—just because, when it was Christmas time, or when the great life dates came round, their letters, every word warm with the life-blood of the past, never failed each other. They had

"Learned to love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt them."

In due time each of us is sure to be concerned in sad letters passing to and fro. With those coming to us we have little to do; we can only take what God wills that life should bring us, and bear it and conquer it as best we may. But over the others we do have power. Love may love to weep with us; sooner or later love must have to weep for us, but we can spare love from weeping about us. There is no discord in dear voices breaking as they ask, "How shall we do without him?" But oh! the pity of it, and the terrible waste, and the irremediable loss when the question is, "What shall we do with him?"

How easily one recognises the advent of those letters which nobody hastens to read, because all know beforehand how hopeless is the misery of them. Perhaps there is a stranger near when they arrive; he cannot help noting the pained contraction of the brow, the half-hiding grasp with which they are received. We have seen an inkstand drop from the fingers of a capable, bright woman when the postman suddenly handed her a missive from the long-silent but still living "family skele-

ton!" There are no tears shed over these letters. (The tears such letters start are hot, burning tears, shed only at midnight on sleepless pillows.) The old folks give something very like a groan. Is there any fault of theirs in this failure and misery? They will blame themselves if they can. The younger ones glance at each other; perhaps there is an impatient word. The children pick up the letter and spell it out; nobody checks them. It will mean little to them, for its true purport is not to be found in its lines, but between them. Then it is put away. Nobody likes to destroy it; nobody wishes to treasure it with the sacred missives of love or duty. It is thrust aside—behind the household stores in the cupboard—down to the bottom

of the work-basket—into some place where, like its writer or its subject, it haunts us none the less because it is out of sight!

This seems a sad ending to our considerations. Yet it is a thought for every young heart to carry away, that this—even *this*—is but the end of yielding to the little temptations, the little idlenesses, the little sins, such as beset us every day! Think of that! Are we, each hour, rising higher above such a possibility or sinking down, however slowly, towards it?

God forbid that the day should come to any of us when even the tenderest love for us has faded into a pale patience with us!

I. F. MAYO.

JOHN AYLMER AND HIS SCHOLAR.

JOHN AYLMER was born at Aylmer Hall in 1521. His family, according to his biographer Strype, who wrote his life at the request of the publisher Brabazon Aylmer, was both "antient and gentle." We hear of a certain "Mrs. Fraunces Aylmer" a gentlewoman of the Court "who was one of the ladies that attended Queen Jane, King Henry VIII his most beloved wife on horseback at her most splendid and most solemn Funeral." John Aylmer was educated at Cambridge, but seems to have taken his degrees of Divinity at Oxford. His patron, Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who had known him from childhood, appointed him as tutor to his children. Here, indeed, Aylmer found one willing pupil. For when in 1550 Roger Ascham came to say good-bye to Lady Jane Grey (who was then, as some say, fifteen years old) at Broadgate in Leicestershire, he found her parents and all the household out hunting in the park, and Lady Jane herself alone in her chamber "reading 'Phaedon Platonis' in Greek, and that with as much delight," to quote Ascham's own words, "as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccasse. After Salutation and Duty done, with some talk, I asked her why she would leese such Pastime in the Park. Smiling she answered me, 'I wis al their Sport in the Park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! Good Folk, they never felt what true Pleasure meant.'"

And when Roger Ascham asked the sweet prig, "How came you madam to this deep Knowledge of pleasure . . . seeing not many women but few men have attained thereto?" she replied, "One of the greatest Benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe Parents and so gentle a schoolmaster." And she went on to describe the harshness of her father and mother. "I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobbs, and other ways (which I will not name for the Honour I bear them), so without mesure misordered, that I think myself in Hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who

teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to Learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of Grief, Trouble, Fear, and wholly misliking to me."

It is said that Lady Jane knew eight languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, Italian, and English; that she "played well on instrumental music," "writ a curious hand," and was "excellent at her needle." It is a curious fact that this name of Jane was then of recent introduction. Camden says, "In latter years some of the nicer sort misliking Joane have molified the name of Joane into Jane, as it may seem for that Jane is never found in old records; and as some will have never before the time of Henry VIII." It is possible that his queen, Jane Seymour, brought the name into fashion.

Ascham begged John Aylmer to see that Lady Jane wrote him and Johannes Sturmiss each a Greek letter. Ascham considered Lady Jane Grey and Lady Mildred Cecil (wife of Sir William Cecil) to be the most learned women in England. Ascham himself, despite his learning and ability, died poor, owing to his overwhelming passion for gaming and cockfighting.

Aylmer tells a story of Lady Jane, which probably happened whilst he was living at Broadgate. She had received from her Cousin Mary "a goodly apparel of tinsel cloth of gold and velvet laid on with parchment lace of gold," by which means no doubt Mary thought to ingratiate herself with Lady Jane. "What shall I do with it?" asked Jane. "Marry, wear it!" cried a gentlewoman. "Nay, that were a shame," rejoined the pretty sententious girl "to follow my Lady Mary against God's Word, and leave my Lady Elizabeth, which followeth God's Word." There is something at once Puritanical and sweet in Lady Jane's character, a quaint mixture of gentleness and severity. Whether her nature were one that could be capable of a wider development is uncertain; but the glimpse we have of her shows us a very pure, fearless spirit, full of a

simple maidenly reticence, and with all the refinement of a scholar.

In the spring of 1553 there were great preparations made at Court for the marriage of Lady Jane Grey with Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland; of Lady Catherine Grey with Henry Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl Pembroke; and of several others, which were all to take place about the same time. The Master of the King's Wardrobe was commanded to deliver up jewels and apparel, and "certain parcels of tissues and cloth of gold and silver," that had formerly belonged to the Duke and Duchess of Somerset.

Every one knows the rest of Lady Jane's short and innocent life; her unwillingness to mount the throne, her ten days' reign, her imprisonment in the Tower, and then her last farewell to life on "the greene over against the white tower." Of all virtues, courage is the most catching, as cowardice is the most catching of all vices.

John Aylmer was noted all his life long for fearlessness and fortitude. It may be that his influence had helped in early years to strengthen his sweet scholar, and to embolden her gentle nature. There are some scenes in history which are so dramatic or so touching that they have been dwelt upon by every historian. To such scenes belong the death of Mary Queen of Scots, the murder of Thomas à Becket, the last few hours of Charles I, and the execution of Lady Jane Grey. But to my mind, of all the historians who have told this last story, Hollingshead tells it best, and I will repeat it as far as possible in his words.

On the 12th February, Monday, "about ten of the clock," Lord Guilford Dudley was beheaded on Tower Hill. "His boode being laid in a cart, and his head in a cloth, was brought into the Chappell within the tower, where the ladie Jane, whose lodging was in Maister Partridge's house, did see his dead carcasse taken out of the cart, as well as she did see him before alive going to his death: a sight (as might be supposed) to her worse than death. By this time was there a scaffold made upon the greene over against the white tower for the ladie Jane to die upon, who, being nothing at all abashed, neither with the fear of hir owne death which then approached, neither with the sight of the dead carcasse of hir husband when he was brought into the Chappell, came forth the lieutenant leading hir, with countenance nothing abashed, neither hir eies any thing moistened with teares, with a booke in hir hand, wherein she praied until she came to the scaffold. Whereon, when she was mounted, this noble young ladie as she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge so was she as patient and mild as anie lambe at hir execution."

Save for this one rough word—"the dead carcasse of hir husband"—which grates upon our modern sense of delicacy, it would be hard to find a tale told in more tender or more touching words.

Then follows her speech—a few simple words attesting her innocence and declaring her faith "in the mercie of God" and in "the bloud of

His onlie Sonne Jesus Christ." She repeated a psalm in English, and then was assisted in her preparations by her maid ("called Mistresse Ellin") and her two gentlewomen, who "gave her a faire handkercher to put about her eies." Then she knelt down and felt for the block. "Where is it? where is it?" and a bystander guided her to it. "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit," said the poor child, and laid her pretty head down, and so died.

Her husband had obtained leave to bid her good-bye, but she had refused to see him, dreading the pain of a farewell and the effect it might have upon his courage. So she bade him remember how soon they would meet—in another world. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Gage, had asked her to give him some remembrance of her, and she put into his hands her "table-book," in which she had just written three short sentences—one in Latin, one in Greek, and one in English—upon seeing her husband's dead body. Fecknam, the Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Abbot of Westminster, who had vainly endeavoured to persuade her to become a Roman Catholic, had obtained three days' grace for her from the queen, but Lady Jane had assured him with "a pleasant countenance" that she did not desire life. Fecknam accompanied her to the scaffold, where she affectionately embraced him and thanked him for his kind intentions, although she died as she had lived, a Protestant.

John Aylmer, who had been made Archdeacon of Stowe, maintained Protestant doctrines at Convocation, where he was supported by five others of the clergy. For this act of daring he was deprived of his archdeaconry, and he wisely retreated to Strasbourg and Zurich until Queen Mary's death. Before he left the Continent he printed at Strasbourg in 1559 a "small but truly learned piece" called "An Haborowe for faithful and treue Subjects; Against the late blowne Blaste concerning the Government of Wemen. Wherin be confuted al such reasons as a stranger of late made in that behalfe; with a briefe Exhortation to Obedience." In this treatise he demolished to his satisfaction John Knox's arguments against allowing women to ascend the throne. In 1562 he was made Archdeacon of Lincoln (an office which was then valued at £179 19s.), and he "purged the Cathedral Church of Lincoln," which was "at that time a nest of unclean birds." In 1576 he was given the bishopric of London, which he continued to hold until his death in 1594.

His gentleness as a schoolmaster to Lady Jane is all the more remarkable that he appears to have been extremely hasty with the rest of the world. His enemies, of whom the worthy man seems to have had a great number, accused him of playing at bowles on Sunday, and of saying "Devil take it" when he was unskilful. He acknowledged that he played on Sundays, and owned to the expression "By my faith," but passes over the other words in silence.

"His accusers," says Strype, "told it abroad with triumph, how one Dame Lawson, a Citizen's Wife, a bold prating Woman, came to the bishop

at St. Paul's gate, and bade him throw himself down at Her Majesty's feet and acknowledge himself to be unsavoury salt, and to crave pardon of her Highness because he had so long deceived her and her people. . . . But the apologist in the name of the bishop replied that this Dame came at no time to him that in Bravery. For if she had, the Bishop was not so soft but she should have felt of his Discipline and of the Queen's authority."

To the last John Aylmer was courageous, and determined both in word and action. Sir John Harrington tells us that when Aylmer was quite an old man he "cudgelled" his son-in-law "soundly"—and most deservedly—for brutal behaviour to his wife, the bishop's daughter. "For," says Strype, who repeats the story, "the bishop was a man of his arms, and would not turn his back on any man." In December, 1578, Queen Elizabeth suffered agonies from toothache, and rested neither day nor night. She refused to have the offending tooth extracted, and after a useless consultation of physicians, the Lords of the Council sent for John Anthony Fentus, "an outlandish physician of some note, as it seems, for giving ease in this anguish." He was commanded to present his advice in writing, whereupon he penned a long letter in Latin apologising for his boldness in prescribing after so many learned doctors, and then advising, if the tooth be hollow,

it should be pulled out. Knowing the Queen's "abhorrence" of "such chirurgical instruments," he recommended that the juice of chelidonium major should be applied to loosen the tooth, so that it might be pulled out by the fingers. But any way, it had better come out. "And now it seems," says Strype, "that the Bishop of London being present, a man of high courage . . . though he were an old man, and had not many teeth to spare . . . immediately bade the surgeon come and pull out one of his teeth" ("perhaps," adds the biographer, hopefully, "a decayed one") "in her majestie's presence." This example of fortitude encouraged the Queen so much that she consented to follow his example.

John Aylmer is described as "mean of stature," and we are told he wore "a long grey beard." His picture shows us a grave face, with heavy features; a wide forehead and high cheek-bones. As Bishop of London, "he kept a good house, having eighty servants with him in his family." And he "built and repaired houses, bridges, and scoured and cleansed ditches and common sewers." And as to his character, it is scarcely needful to say he was no saint, but an honest, well-meaning man; violent and arbitrary, yet worthy of all honour in this one respect—that he was absolutely devoid of fear.

ANNE FELLOWES.

SCREW-PINES AND PINEAPPLES.

THE little sketch herewith recalls a breezy knoll on one of the lovely isles in the Fijian archipelago, where I have spent many pleasant hours in the balmy mornings and evenings of bright sunny days, looking down to the calm blue sea which enfolded us on every side—a sea through whose depths living rainbows seemed to gleam, marking the coral reefs that lay beneath the crystalline waters.

All round the shores of this quiet isle stretch white coral sands, overshadowed by large glossy-leaved trees, whose great boughs at high tide extend right over the shallow wavelets, forming a belt of cool refreshing shade exceedingly precious during the burning hours of noon.

But on the low green hill the only natural foliage is this strange-looking shrub, with curious aerial roots, thrown out here and there in the most fanciful manner, without any apparent intention, as the majority of them never approach the ground, but stop short in mid-air, forming a base like an inverted cup, whence are thrown out a fresh series of smaller roots. They form clusters of white pillars, and give the tree the appearance of walking on stilts. The long, narrow, prickly leaves are shaped like swords, but are serrated at the edges, and have a spiny mid-rib. They are about three inches in width, and from two to three feet in length. They grow in tufts, set spirally—i.e., screw-wise, round and round each branch—growing

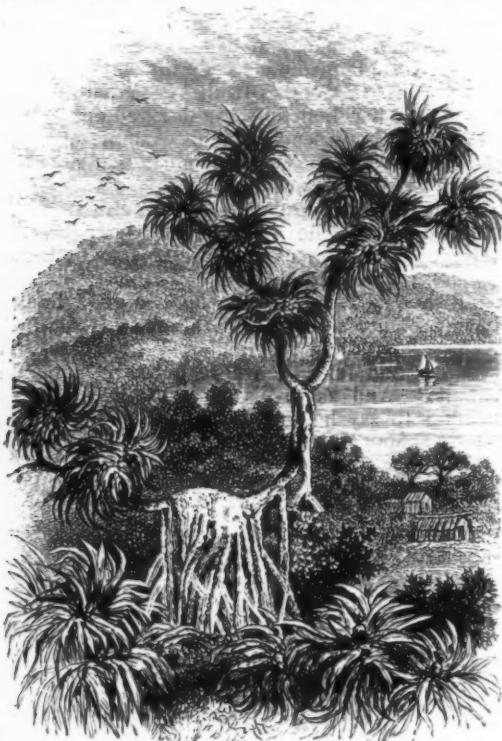
out at right angles, the base of each sword-like leaf expanding so as to enfold the bough whence it springs. The whole main-stem retains on its white bark deep indentations—marks of the encircling leaves of former years, while the withered leaves of more recent date hang loosely beneath the green tufts, rustling with every breath of wind—a most mournful sound when heard on a grey day of wind and rain, such as are not rare even in the tropics.

It is from the peculiar spiral arrangement of the leaves that this shrub receives its common name of screw-pine. It is called "pine" because from the heart of these tufts grow large scarlet or orange-coloured fruits, with a strong resemblance to pineapples. But it is a delusive appearance, for, except in form, the two fruits have not the smallest affinity.

In the sketch some true pines are indicated round the base of the screw-pine, and at a first glance might almost be mistaken for young plants springing up; a second look, however, quickly dispels the illusion. The precious pineapple, which is most carefully planted and cultivated, belongs to the natural order *Bromeliaceæ*, whereas the screw-pine is one of the *Pandanaceæ*, which grows freely in most tropical countries on poor and barren soil, and is generally cleared away by the settler to make room for more valuable plants. The pandanus represented in the sketch was one

of the few survivors of a multitude which had been cut down and replaced by young cocoanut-trees, which it was hoped would ere long reward the planter by yielding fruit a hundredfold.

The pineapples, too, were planted in the same hope, for no fruit more generously responds to



SCREW-PINES IN FIJI.

human care. If the plants are neglected the fruit is coarse and fibrous, and of a harsh flavour, scarcely fit for food; whereas under careful cultivation it becomes the sweet, delicious, delicately-flavoured, juicy fruit which is rarely tasted in greater perfection than when grown in an English pinery. But of course there are many varieties, and there are some which could never repay the toil of growing them. In the early days of Fiji very small care had been bestowed on the cultivation of any sort of fruit, so that although we had pineapples at breakfast, pineapples at luncheon, and pineapples at dinner every day as a matter of course, they were by no means always good. I believe the best kinds are those which were originally imported from Demerara, in the West Indies, where vast pineapple crops are grown for exportation, clothing the hills in early spring with a carpet of most exquisite green.

Now that swift steamers to New South Wales and New Zealand have opened foreign markets for such perishable produce, Fiji has developed an altogether new branch of industry in the cultivation of green fruits for the colonies, and within the last three or four years the export of bananas and pineapples has become an important item in the wealth of England's youngest colony.

In the Philippine Isles, in the Straits of Malacca, in Java, in the neighbourhood of Singapore, and in many other places, the pineapple plant is grown extensively for the sake of the strong firm fibre of its leaves. It is particularly valuable for the manufacture of nets and fishing-lines, being nowise affected by the action of water, however long it may remain immersed. It can be manufactured into strong ropes and cordage, and when bleached can be spun like flax. In the Philippine Islands a beautiful material, like the finest muslin, is prepared from it, and is known in commerce as the *Baliste d'Ananas*, whence I infer that the first manufacturer of this delicate fabric must have been of French origin.

The sword-like leaves of the pandanus are also very valuable in all their stages. This hardy plant is invariably one of the very first to appear, as if by magic, on the newly-formed coral or volcanic isles, which from time to time rise to the surface in the Pacific Ocean. So when some stray canoe drifts to the new isle, and it becomes inhabited, the settlers find in the pandanus leaves an excellent waterproof material wherewith to thatch their huts. Deft fingers split the long leaves into narrow strips, and so interweave them as to produce most beautiful glossy mats of the very finest pattern—mats of many yards square, exactly the same on both sides, as fine as old-fashioned cross-stitch, and edged with a handsome knotted fringe of the pretty straw-coloured fibre.

The pandanus also furnishes the ribbons of the South Sea Isles, for its leaves are cunningly dyed of many gay colours, and are then attached to a belt, and form a gay kilt-like fringe, to be worn round the waist above the simple white tappa (paper-mulberry cloth) as a decoration for festal days.

In India, large stationary umbrellas are covered with pandanus leaves, but this is only another form of their application as a thatch. Baskets are also made from the tough fibre of the roots, while from some species—especially that which abounds in Mauritius, named the *Pandanus vacca*—the leaves are treated as a crop, to be cut every second year, and woven into strong bags.

One species bears a blossom so fragrant that it is thence named *Pandanus odoratissimus*. It bears large drooping spikes of cream-coloured flowers, with a perfume so powerful as to scent the air for a long distance. In India a highly-valued perfume is distilled from these pale blossoms, and the natives use it to scent hair-oil. But in no artificial form can the delicate aroma of the fresh flowers be reproduced. Sometimes while rowing close in shore along the sea-coast, or on the rivers of Pacific Isles, this heavenly perfume has been wafted to us on the sunlit air, a balmly breeze indeed.

In due time the white blossoms are replaced by the handsome fruit, so temptingly resembling the true pineapple, but so grievously disappointing to the hungry wayfarer who might gather it in ignorance. As we all know, the exterior of the pineapple is divided into honeycomb sections, forming rough-raised knobs, but this is only the rind of the luscious fruit within. The screw-pine presents

the same sort of surface, only in larger and more strongly-defined lumps, but instead of being merely an outer covering, each lump is the head of a conical section extending right to the woody heart, so that however tempting to the eye are these golden fruits, they offer no attraction to the palate; and in the southern group, where nature provides food for man in generous abundance, no one cares to gather them, save the goatherds, on whom the long day hangs heavy and who find some amusement in gnawing these slightly saccharine lumps.

More often, however, they merely string them together, forming a barbaric necklace of scarlet or orange-coloured beads, each about the size of a man's thumb, a very becoming decoration on a rich brown skin, especially when seen in bright sunlight beneath a clear blue sky.

The men of whom I speak at this moment are those who in Fiji are known as "foreign labour," many of whom have been imported as labourers from groups nearer to the equator, such as the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. To them these quaint shrubs and woodied fruits are reminders of home, and as such must have some charm of association. The majority of these isles are very flat, low coral isles, scarcely raised above the sea-level. They possess so little soil that no crops can be grown, except a very inferior kind of *kalo* or *taro* (which is a sort of large coarse root, and forms a poor substitute for potatoes).

Only the kindly cocoanut-palm and this hardy pandanus contrive to find a living in that poor brine-sprinkled soil; and though, of course, the cocoanut does furnish meat and drink, it makes dull food when it represents daily bread. In these lands of scarcity the screw-pine acquires a new value. Its woody fruit (more pulpy than that of southern groups) is carefully dried, and is then ground into a coarse flour like sweetish sawdust, and thus becomes the staple of life. Of course fish is to be had, but as there is no wood for fuel, it must be eaten raw! To the native palate this is no great hardship, but it forms a very important item in the trials of daily life of those devoted missionaries who have settled in these remote uninviting groups, giving up their whole lives, with all those amenities which men generally consider make life worth living, in the endeavour to Christianise and civilise these most repulsive savages.*

The white men who have agonised in this true labour of love have found willing and devoted helpers among the native converts of the Sandwich Islands—or Hawaii, as they are called by their own inhabitants—a group which, though not noted among tropical isles for special wealth of natural vegetation, seems especially adapted to the growth of the pandanus (or, as it is there called, *lauhala*), for nowhere else have I seen it attain such rank luxuriance.

I especially remember one most beautiful forest belt, all the more attractive from its contrast with the harsh bleak volcanic country through which I had been riding. Suddenly we entered this lovely

tropical jungle, where all beautiful forms of rich foliage were intertwined in rank inextricable confusion. There were splendid specimens of the kukui or candlenut-tree (*Aleurites Triloba*), with fairy-like silvery foliage and masses of sweet white blossom. There were guavas, which soon would be laden with yellow fruit, and ohia (which in Fiji we learnt to call keveeka); the Malacca apple (*Eugenia Malaccensis*), whose lovely pink blossoms are replaced by crimson fruits like transparent juicy pears. Mingling with these were great plants of wild plantain with immense leaves like strips of green silk, each leaf a couple of yards in length.

In this sheltered forest the pandanus (which probably was the aboriginal settler on this volcanic isle) still holds its place, but in the unusual conditions of a rich deep soil (for nothing can be more fertile than decomposed volcanic soil, with the addition of decaying vegetable matter) it attains a very different growth to that which we commonly see when on bleak exposures. With no depth of soil, the careful plant throws out extraordinary aerial props and roots in every direction, as stays to enable it to resist the sweeping breezes. Here, beneath the shelter of great forest trees, it attains a height of twenty-five to thirty feet, and having no occasion for a multiplicity of sustaining pillars, it is able to devote all its growing power to the production of great whorls, of long drooping leaves, and large heavy fruits, far more pulpy than usual.

Among the upper boughs of these odd-looking trees, and safely niched in corners of their quaint stems, are magnificent specimens of the great bird's-nest fern (*Asplenium nidus*), always a thing of beauty, but which here grows more abundantly and rankly than is its wont. I saw many plants, each bearing about a dozen fronds of from four to five feet in length, and about eight inches wide. It is a beautiful plant, stately in its stiffness—its bright glossy fronds contrasting so well with its more feathery, fragile relations, the great ferns and the little ferns, which here grow so luxuriantly, clothing every rugged stem or fallen rock with a veil of tenderest green.

This forest is still further enriched by a perfect network of tangled lianas of every sort—vines, as all climbing plants are called in America. Prominent among these is the *Freycinetia scandens*, which is a near relation to the screw-pine—at least, it belongs to the same order of *Pandanace*. It is known in Hawaii as the Ié (which is pronounced *Eee-eh!*). It trails all over the highest trees, thence hanging in festoons like heavy twisted ropes, bearing its foliage in large tufts set like the screw-pine, each of which bears in its centre from three to five large pure scarlet stamens (at least, I suppose them to be such), which eventually develop into fruit. They are surrounded by three spiky young leaves of a pure scarlet, and these again by three scarlet leaves just tipped with green, so the effect of each tuft is that of a beautiful large blossom, scattered broadcast through the forest.

Altogether this forest sanctuary was a vision of loveliness—a green paradise never to be forgotten.

C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

* For further details of this mission, see "Fire-Fountains," by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Vol. ii., chapter xx.

STRANGE STORIES RETOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

V.—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE : THE STORY OF ELIZABETH CANNING.

THE other day, in turning over the pages of Mr. James Thorne's interesting "Handbook to the Environs of London," we came upon Enfield, itself a very interesting locality, concerning which Mr. Thorne pauses to give a slight succinct account of a marvellous mystery, never cleared up, which, trifling as it must seem to us now, a hundred and thirty years since stirred not only all London, but even all England from end to end. Certainly it seems remarkable that it did so, for no doubt many much more important events were transpiring all around which excited little or no attention. It was the case of Elizabeth Canning ; it provoked even the sarcasm of Voltaire in France, and called forth in vindication of the girl herself no less mighty a pen than that of Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," besides about fifty other pamphlets, varying in price from sixpence to six shillings, all of which now command high prices from the collectors of such literary but in themselves not very valuable curiosities. The degree to which party feeling rose in the matter is now to us almost incredible, and seems certainly unaccountable, although it does indicate a state of society in which, like village gossip, the material of popular interest was made up from very slight things. Perhaps the nearest approach in our day to the mystery and romance of Elizabeth Canning is the Tichborne case ; but that, while its consequences look so much more important, is but a very trifling affair in comparison with the story we shall try to tell.

Elizabeth Canning was a very quiet, reputable, and respectable young person, living in old Aldermanbury, in the City of London. There her mother, who was a widow, had succeeded in carrying on the business of her husband, that of a sawyer ; there she had brought up creditably the children dependent upon her ; and Elizabeth, who had the character—never at any time disputed—of being a modest industrious girl, of about eighteen or nineteen, was in a situation, also in Aldermanbury, only four doors from her mother's house. On Monday afternoon, the New Year's Day of 1753, she was permitted a few hours' holiday to visit some relatives near Rosemary Lane ; there she stayed until about nine o'clock in the evening. The streets of London at that hour were, it is notorious, not very safe, especially for a lonely woman or young girl, and some of her friends accompanied her as far as Houndsditch on the road home. She then proceeded on her way, and nothing more was heard of her for a month. Her mysterious disappearance naturally caused the greatest anxiety and even consternation among her friends. They were Methodists. It was the very early period of the great Methodist revival, and it may be remembered, as not altogether unrelated to the story, that Methodists, especially of the Wesleyan persuasion, although among the most respectable of people, were not very popular

at that day. Prayers were offered up for her in Wesley's Tabernacle of Moorfields, and also at the parish church. This, however, did not prevent consultation with the conjuror or fortuneteller, who promised her speedy return and restoration. Advertisements appeared in the papers, and notices were affixed upon church doors. Here is one of the advertisements from the "Daily Advertiser" for the 6th of January :

"Whereas Elizabeth Cannon (a misprint for Canning) went from her friends between Hounds-ditch and Bishopsgate on Monday last, the 1st instant, between nine and ten o'clock. Whoever can give any account where she is shall have two guineas reward, to be paid by Mrs. Cannon, a sawyer, in Aldermanbury Postern, which will be a great satisfaction to her mother. She is fresh-coloured, pitted with the small-pox, has a high forehead, light eyebrows, about five feet high, eighteen years of age, well set, had on a masquerade purple stuff gown, a black petticoat, a white chip hat bound with green, a white apron and handkerchief, blue stockings and leather shoes.

"NOTE.—It is supposed that she was forcibly taken away by some evil-disposed persons, as she was heard to shriek out in a hackney coach in Bishopsgate Street. If the coachman remembers anything of the affair, by giving an account as above, he shall be handsomely rewarded for his trouble."

But there was no approach to the clearing of the mystery until the 29th of January. Then, towards nightfall, when the streets of the old City were clearing and quiet, and the shops closing, when Mrs. Canning's apprentice was performing his last task in closing the shop, through the darkness he discerned a white, spectre-like object feebly staggering its way along up Aldermanbury ; it came up to the shop, looking like a spectre wrapped in a shroud, with a white cloth round its head. This fainting and exhausted creature was Elizabeth Canning. It is said the shock to her mother was so great that she fainted away ; it seemed as if her daughter were restored to her from the dead, and the old house of Aldermanbury—a street very different then from that which we know now by that name—was soon filled with curious neighbours. The account she gave of herself, when able to speak consistently, was that near Moorfields she had been seized by two men, muffled up for disguise, who took from her what money she had, her hat, and apron, and gown, and hurried her along to a distance to a place where there was a running stream. There they entered a mean, low house, where were several women, old and young, and gave her over to the care of one of an especially repulsive appearance, whom they called "mother." This old hag finding Elizabeth would not yield to the evil counsels of herself and her companions, compelled her to go up into a kind of hay-loft,

or lumber-room. There she was left all night; in the morning she found a pitcher of water and some stale crusts of bread; and this, with a penny pie which she happened to have in her pocket, she declared to be the only nourishment she had for twenty-eight days. During the time following of her captivity she had no communication with any of the inhabitants of the house; but upon the last day of the fourth week she effected her escape by managing to break a shutter and get down through the window into a field below, and, by some circuitous route, in about six hours she reached Aldermanbury, arriving, as we have said, on the night of the 29th of January.

The whole town was aroused, and demanded instant inquiry and, if possible, justice upon the wretches who had inflicted such misery upon an innocent and unoffending maid. Circumstances guided to a house, known to be a bad one, held by one Mother Wells, or Wills, at Enfield Wash; this because Elizabeth declared that she had heard this name in the house. The old woman was well known, her husband had been hung. Enfield then became the central point of interest in this mysterious tragedy. The author of an admirable condensation of the story, which appeared some years since in a now forgotten magazine, the "Argonaut," gives a pleasing idea of the Enfield of that day, and it really appears not to have altered much since. It was a wild and scattered suburb, and to which Mr. Thorne devotes very considerable attention. It has famous memories connected with it of the Princess Elizabeth, and, in later times, of the elder D'Israeli, and of Charles Lamb. And it is said that the very railway station is the site of, and still, in part, the old residence of the venerable Dr. Ryland. It has still a number of old-fashioned homesteads; but Enfield Wash—now transformed into a scene of somewhat busy life—called "the Wash" from the little stream which crosses the road, and through which, in that day, horses and carriages had to flounder—formed a good retreat for questionable characters; and a hut on the east side of the Wash was long pointed out as the scene of the tragedy to which the eyes of all England—curiously enough—were turned.

The girl was taken to give her deposition before the great Henry Fielding, then one of the chief justices for Middlesex, and that hard, shrewd observer—the Thackeray of his time—believed her story, and became one of her strongest vindicators. The old woman was seized, taken before the magistrates, and with another woman, Mary Squires, a gipsy, living in the same house, was committed for trial. The case excited an interest to the very last degree of intensity. There seemed a marvellous improbability in the story, and our readers may be surprised to learn how various were the persons interested in attempting to arrive at some discovery or solution. Editors, pamphleteers, ministers of state, and even the king himself, all took part in the inquiry. Some of the pamphlets were, of course, very adverse, and we have lying before us one of the most considerable of these—a very searching analysis, en-

titled, "The Story of Elizabeth Canning considered. By D. Hill. With remarks on what has been called 'A clear statement of her case,' by Mr. Fielding; and answers to the several arguments and suppositions of that writer." Published at the Globe, Paternoster Row, 1753. But suppose Canning had given a false account, where was the motive? Where else had she been? All places had been searched, no trace could be found. The supposition of falsehood on her part only increased the mystery. The Fleet Prison was examined and searched thoroughly—for that, in those days, was a strange rendezvous for rascality, and forced marriages were not infrequently perpetrated there. But the Fleet gave no clue to the story.

The trial came on; the victim gave her evidence with every appearance of maidenly modesty, carrying the jury along with her against Mother Wells, one of the ugliest of the human family, and Mary Squires, one of a suspected and detested race. Squires was sentenced to be hanged, and Mother Wells to be imprisoned for six months and branded in the right hand. But the interest did not terminate with this trial, it rather increased. The sympathy expressed for the young girl can only be likened to that avidity with which, near about the same time, Richardson's marvellous romances of "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" were read. In fact, to a vast population of the morbidly sentimental she seemed to be a heroine of very much the same type—one who, against tremendous odds, had vindicated law and virtue. But the tide was turning; fears were in the way. A man had been stopped near Edmonton and his life threatened under the mistake that he had been one of the witnesses on the trial against the gipsy. Threats were also issued that if Mary Squires suffered death every farmhouse round Enfield would soon be seen in a blaze.

This was probably not without its effect in producing something like a change of opinion. Elizabeth Canning was denounced as an impostor. Her party pointed with truth to her character—quiet and spotless from her youth—and to the honourable reputation of her family with all their neighbours for industry and probity. Parties were divided into the Egyptians and the Canningites. Money certainly poured in plentifully upon Elizabeth and her friends to enable her to defend her cause, or as a mark of faith in her integrity. Meantime the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Gascoyne, carried a petition to the foot of the throne on the behalf of Mary Squires. The king immediately respite her, and six weeks after, in a cabinet council at Kensington, he procured for her a free pardon. They appear in that day to have ordered things differently from ours, and even so recently royal prerogative did the work of home secretaries. But the war went on between what was called the Lord Mayor's party and the Canningites. The Lord Mayor's party proceeded to prosecute for perjury, but the bills were rejected by the grand jury. On the other hand, the Canningites seized upon a young man named William Clarke, the accepted suitor of Lucy, the daughter of Squires, the gipsy. Lucy was as pretty as her

mother was ugly. On the day of trial he, with some other companions, surrendered, bringing with them sixty witnesses. The case was dismissed.

But the tide was turning strongly against Elizabeth Canning, and she went into hiding from the storm raised against her. Writs were issued against her, but she did not appear. The secret of her retreat was known to her friends, and well kept; but when she was proclaimed an outlaw, and the proclamation affixed upon Guildhall and upon the gates of her parish church, she presented herself by bail to take her trial at the next sessions. The Lord Mayor made prodigious efforts against her; it was understood that he was ransacking all the neighbourhoods of London for evidence. So, on the 29th of April of the following year—sixteen months after the commencement of the tragedy—came the day of trial. No other event in London was of any importance at that time. The warfare of Whig and Tory, and even their very names, were submerged beneath the conflicts of the Egyptians and the Cannanites. As to the people at large, they upon the whole had made up their minds. Elizabeth was regarded almost as a martyr. The Lord Mayor had not a comfortable time of it; as he went to the trial yells and shouts of derision and execration greeted him. His state coach was pelted with mud and its windows broken. The jury was conducted to the place of trial surrounded by a military guard. This uncomfortable state of things lasted for eight days—the period of the trial. On the other hand, the girl passed through a perfect ovation of noisy and thunderous cheers. The greetings became furious in their extravagance of affectionate faith, and she had to be conveyed every night from the Sessions House, in disguise, by unknown ways.

Testimony has declared how softly and clearly her plea of "Not guilty" sounded over the court. She appeared quite composed, and it seemed, says one, that her pale face and meekly downcast eyes could not possibly veil a heart secreting a terrible mystery. However, piece by piece the counsel against her appeared to shatter her story; and this in the teeth of other evidence, and especially of one Virtue Hall, a woman who had given important testimony tending to the conviction of both Mother Wells and Squires, which showed how Mother Wells was really a resident at this house, and how Mary Squires, during the very period of Elizabeth's imprisonment in the hut, had been seen prowling about Enfield Chase. Some witnesses even testified how, in those days, they had been frightened by some of her prophecies and fortune-tellings. The jury returned a verdict of a most singular character: "That the prisoner had been guilty of perjury, but neither wilful nor corrupt." This was regarded by the crowd as an acquittal. A burst of applause rang through the court, tumultuously echoed by loud cheering from without. The court refused to receive the verdict; the jury went back again, and ultimately returned with a verdict of "Guilty." Elizabeth received a sentence of seven years' transportation.

But still the conflict raged; even the pulpit resounded in her favour, and specially from the lips of the famous orator Henley. She continued for some time in prison in England, and the stories testify to the peace and stillness of her prison hours. One great grief she had. Beneath this horrible turmoil in her life her mother fell ill, and Elizabeth could not see her; and this, with her close reading and study of Thomas à Kempis's "*Imitation of Christ*," seems to be all that we know of her life in the solitude of her cell. But it is probable that but few persons believed her guilty. The story was a mystery, and her solution of it, in spite of some contradictions and inconsistencies, far from unnatural when we think of her suffering and wasted frame, was the most reasonable. Preachers preached to vindicate her, and—which sounds very odd to our notions now—astrologers accounted for the injustice which met her innocence by some extraordinary juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies just then! What was more to her advantage, many hundreds of pounds were subscribed for her; and, after her release, she was allowed to transport herself—that is, to choose her own ship and pay her own passage to America.

And now the turmoil around her subsides, and but few items remain of her further history. An old lady of Stoke Newington, strongly impressed by the sense of her suffering and her innocence, bequeathed to her a legacy of five hundred pounds. She married a wealthy Quaker, returned to England in 1762, and shortly after died, sustaining to the last, apparently, the character she had before her mysterious disappearance as a simple, modest, and worthy woman.

The story was perplexing to our forefathers, and not a single circumstance has relieved it from its weight of perplexity to us. Beyond her own account, which was so stoutly disputed, nothing is known of that 1st of January, 1753, and nothing beyond her own tale of those eight-and-twenty days of her absence. We are not intending to be wiser than the people of that time, who explored every nook, and raised the hue and cry for information throughout every avenue of London and all its suburbs. It surely seems certain, remembering especially the scanty population compared with our day, that some clue would have been discovered. We have to remember that it was a time of kidnappings and abductions. Elizabeth Canning was, it seems not improbable, seized by mistake for some other person. Having discovered their mistake, her captors probably knew not what to do with her, and may themselves have left the window in such a condition as to facilitate her escape, in the assurance that she was ignorant of the locality of her imprisonment, and that the very slight knowledge she had of the inhabitants of the hut would not be able to lead to their discovery. But this is all surmise. In our day so trifling an incident could not create so great a stir; but, as it is, it remains one of the most curious and perplexing puzzles in the by-ways of our national domestic life.

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RAILWAY NOTES IN THE NORTH-WEST;

OR DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

V.—EMIGRANTS.



I HAVE made this pause and divergence in giving utterance to my little record of a visit to the North-West while in the company of my fellow British Associates because an agreeable tendency to branch off into inquiry about and speculations on cognate matters was often indulged by my companions and enjoyed by myself. Indeed, the friendly chat which beguiled our way was (to me) often big with suggestive information about the land, its settlers, capabilities, and future. I will now, having glanced at the main features of the great North-West (if that may be said to have features which is all face), ask my readers to go with me more leisurely through the land, pausing to note some of the points at which we stopped either in going West or returning to Winnipeg from the Rocky Mountains. Here let me repeat a desirable explanation and say that a "city" in America does not mean a large town, but a place (often much smaller than many a village in England, since a population of three hundred enables it to fulfil municipal conditions) which has civic rights. The first of present importance reached from Winnipeg is Portage la Prairie. What shall I say of this flat and fertile place? It largely receives grain. Its sky-line is quite Alpine with "elevators." It grinds and manufactures, has a biscuit factory and a paper-mill, and is altogether ancient, having been founded twelve months before Carberry, the next distinguished station, which is two years old. Yet for all that Carberry gives itself the airs of a long-established "city," inas-

much as it not only advertises its livery stables, etc., etc., but when we visited it had placarded its walls with huge printed posters announcing the (first annual, I suppose) excursion of its "Sabbath schools," etc., etc., to "Silver Lake," with a "band," etc., etc. The bill indeed had the flavour of a search for change after the wearisome monotony of tame and long-drawn life in the close air of a town. Mind you, Carberry is only two years old. Twenty-four months ago it had not so much roof as an umbrella, and no means of locomotion so advanced and artificial as a wheelbarrow. It simply "was not." This deal-and-canvas bud, moreover, declined to reckon itself as of no weight in the British Empire, for the great poster announcing the recreation proposed for its exhausted inhabitants was adorned with the assurance of its loyalty in a conspicuous line, which he who ran might read, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." Indeed, the loyalty of Canadians would seem to be not merely apparent, but touchingly importunate—and genuine.

I cannot affect the usefulness of a systematic guide-book, but must point to Brandon the next place of importance westward. It is three years old, but offers all kinds of commodities, from reaping-machines to artificial flowers (beside the influences which flow through church and school), with a cheerful confidence which charms the visitor. I bought there and brought away a photograph of its main thoroughfare looking (in the photograph which disguised a freshness incapable of such reproduction) almost as old as, say, Aldgate. Its soil is said to be excellent; its air is most delicious, and nature has provided it with a slope (rare in this prairie), which should make its future drainage not only possible, but easy. Let us hope, however, that the unpolluted Assiniboine which flows by Brandon will not be turned into a sewer. Provision is made for much which marks civilisation in all those townships by the side of the Canadian Pacific Railway which may become the sites of cities. For instance, sections of land are set aside for schools, and the building of churches (every place of worship is called a "church" in America) is facilitated, but the proper dip of a sewer, if the people have, as they probably will, that questionable equipment, would seem to be hardly possible in several of the places which we saw, and which were being marked out in streets. The time approaches rapidly in which their inhabitants will have a problem to solve with the sewage. This too, unfortunately, is not recognised as, under any circumstances, useful to the farmer, who wholly discards the use of manure for his land at present.

The provision of water, moreover, is a serious

question for some parts of the North-West. It is mostly alkaline, like very much that is found in the United States, and attempts are being made in some places to provide artesian wells. It is true that the Canadian water is harmless to the stranger when boiled or used with coffee or tea (which latter is largely drunk), and old hands (or stomachs) take it raw without unpleasant effect, but to a new comer it is most surprising and offensive, though agreeable enough to the taste. Several of our party suffered severely from choleraic diarrhoea in consequence of drinking it, and it occasionally kills the careless thirsty children of emigrants. Thus a few artesian wells are being sunk, sometimes with wholly unexpected results, of which I will say more presently when we reach the place where they have come to pass.

The next place at which I stopped was Moosomin. I may here say that, as I write this from my notes on my return to Winnipeg, some of the spots I visited were seen on my way back. But it is more convenient to take them in consecutive order going westward. Thus, following the order of the line, Moosomin comes next to Brandon. I was particularly desirous to see it as a number of Bethnal Green settlers have squatted in its neighbourhood, and I had been asked to visit them. It was felt that if these people, mostly quite ignorant of farming, took any root in the soil, the hopes of other colonists from cities would be brighter. I reached Moosomin at night. Two years ago it did not exist. Now it has a large railway station (a huge elevator being built hard by), and is a thriving town, of course mostly made with deal boards. I walked across to the "Crawford House" by the light of a bobbing lantern, and found that the landlord had a room ready (new deal board as usual), apparently finished that afternoon. Next morning in the dining-room I found the breakfast to be (without any question except as to the choice between tea and coffee) porridge, beef-steak, potatoes, fritters, and treacle. These were served unordered. The landlord then took me a round in his "buggy," a gig on four high wheels, drawn by an excellent pair of black trotters. Here I came on an odd use of words. I had no sooner taken my seat securely by his side than he flourished his whip and said, "Get down." Before, however, I had begun to descend I realised that this was addressed to his horses instead of "Get up." Neither phrase, however, really suits the situation, for if the horse were to try to "get up" after his driver had ascended the box it would be embarrassing.

To return to our Moosomin expedition. We took in a circuit of about twenty-five miles, following in most cases no track, but driving from one low turf-built house to another through superb crops of hay, so rich as in many places to lie down by their own weight. Here and there we passed a pool, from which rose wild ducks within easy shot, or a prairie hen whirred up close by our side. A skunk once ran close before us for some hundred yards, but as he was not alarmed we realised his presence by sight only.

The first house we reached was one storey of rough deal, some 16ft. by 12ft. A quarter section

of land—*i.e.*, 160 acres—all magnificent hay to begin with, was attached to it. A small portion was broken up and had a crop of potatoes. A sunburnt man stood at the low door. I got out of the buggy, and said, "You don't know me, but you know St. George's-in-the-East." "Why, yes, sir, I was a cab-driver at Bethnal Green." Then I asked him how he fared. He shared a cow with a neighbour, and had broken up seven acres. His previous wages had been about thirty shillings a week, and his wife could earn ten shillings a week at brushmaking. Now he is a "farmer," but he has been earning three pounds a week in helping to build the elevator, and his daughter, age thirteen, had been getting for service in Moosomin pay at the rate of sixteen pounds a year. His wife could earn more than twice as much. "Do you like it?" said I. "Yes," he replied, "I do; and if you should meet any more cab-drivers" (not improbable) "tell them to come out here." He added, though, that the published Dominion prices of the oxen and implements necessary for beginning a farm had been misleading; he and others had had to pay about 30 per cent. more than they had reckoned on. Almost all whom I visited remarked this. After the cabman I saw a Bethnal Green jobbing carpenter; he had earned about fifteen shillings a week and his wife nothing. She could eat no breakfast in town, but now enjoyed her porridge. Then we drove on, and I called on Mr. Young, who had been a Scripture-reader, and was described by my landlord as a clergyman. He was not at home, but Mrs. Young told me about their condition. He, with his brother, had taken up half a section—*i.e.*, 320 acres—and an adopted boy above eighteen had also 160. So they have 480 acres among them. Of course only a portion of this is broken up at present, but the rest is good hay, fit for cows. Mrs. Young had been "mostly under the doctor" in London, but "had never wanted one" since she came to Canada; and liked it "very much." Then I called on a Mr. and Mrs. Cumbers, late of Bethnal Green. They have a low black turf house as warm as toast, and five young children. He was a "labourer," and earned about twenty-one shillings a week. His wife earned nothing. Now he has—he came from England last April—160 acres of land, two pigs, and twenty chickens. The small plot already tilled bears potatoes alone. I did not think that Mr. Cumbers was very enthusiastic about the matter, but he wished his two brothers to come out, and gave me their addresses, and said, "I eat more heartier, and though the weather damps us a bit, I dare say we shall get on another year." The next turf hut, with its 160 acres, which I visited, was owned by Mr. Cattermole, who shared a team (*i.e.*, pair or yoke of oxen) with his neighbour Cumbers. He also had five young children, had been a cellarman and "done jobbing work," but "had been walking about for months" without any work. Health had been "middling good—never better, all right, now." He had no cow, which was a pity, since he had over a hundred acres of hay; indeed, there were only about four



BREAKING THE PRAIRIE.

acres broken on his section. He came out last April. From his hut I went to Mr. Bloom's. He had been a police constable and had also worked on a farm in England. His half-brother and his mother had come with him, and they had also taken up 160 acres. "Some people won't like it," he said, "because of the prohibition of liquor." "Good job too," said his mother, "and I hope it will be always kept out; but anyhow," she added, laughing, "we mostly have a couple of ducks for dinner." "Yes, I like that," said the ex-constable; "a man can always take his gun and knock over a duck or a prairie fowl." Ducks, indeed! There are hundreds, and fine ones too. Every little pool seemed to have some. I asked if they stayed in the winter. "No, they don't, but the prairie fowl do," was the reply. These people whom I have visited are fair specimens of the East End, and I really do not see why they should not do in another year. At first (barring the cab-driver) some had no idea how to harness a team or indeed do any agricultural work. Their first attempts at milking, too, are said to have puzzled the cows. But they all have potatoes. There is wood to be had for the gathering, and occasional work in Moosomin or near. Several will have a sharp pinch. I have just been having a long talk with the headman of a number of Scotch crofters who came out after the East-enders, and are settled near. Divers of these have between forty and fifty acres ploughed for wheat. Selling that next year, though at a low price, they get a good return and are fairly "settled." Some of the Londoners are or have been puzzled, but will pull through. They are rather sore about the stocking of the farms costing more than they fancied, and hardly realise the unprofitableness of grumbling; but the agent tells me that they are not working badly, though at present without sufficient skill. All that I have seen speak well of their health, but several lament the want of

schools and places of public worship. These will come in time. Now much of this part of the country, though "taken up," is uncultivated. We drove simply over the prairie, bumping over badgers' holes, and big, worn stones hidden by the luxuriant grass. The wood is small. Fire has frequently swept the land. When you go into a clump of growing bushes you find the ground covered, if not cumbered, with burnt relics of forest. The whole region is flat, and sprinkled with small pools or meres. The first grain "elevator" which is being built here is calculated to hold 50,000 bushels of wheat, and buyers will be always ready at the station to purchase produce even in the smallest parcels. After my round among the East-enders I called on a settler who had been a valet in Essex. He had acquired two hundred pounds, married, and come out last April. "I have got," he said, "an acre of potatoes, ten acres ploughed for wheat, and have stacked thirty tons of hay." He has taken up the quarter section of 160 acres, has two yoke of oxen, a cow, a few fowls, but as yet no pigs. "How do you like it all?" I asked, and his quick response, "Very much indeed," left no doubt about his views. His next neighbour, who has quite lately come out, is a bricklayer.

The possibilities of the place are, indeed, enormous, but the labour is great and the social drawbacks are serious. Two of the families had lost children since they came in April. One had been left at Winnipeg, having died by the way. Another "was buried out there," said the mother, pointing to the prairie, with a choke in her voice. "He was the eldest." There is one initial drawback to settlement in Canada, though indeed it is shared by contiguous regions in the United States. I have already noticed it, but the fact is so noticeable that I naturally mention it again. The water is alkaline. New comers always suffer severely from it if they insist on drinking it raw,

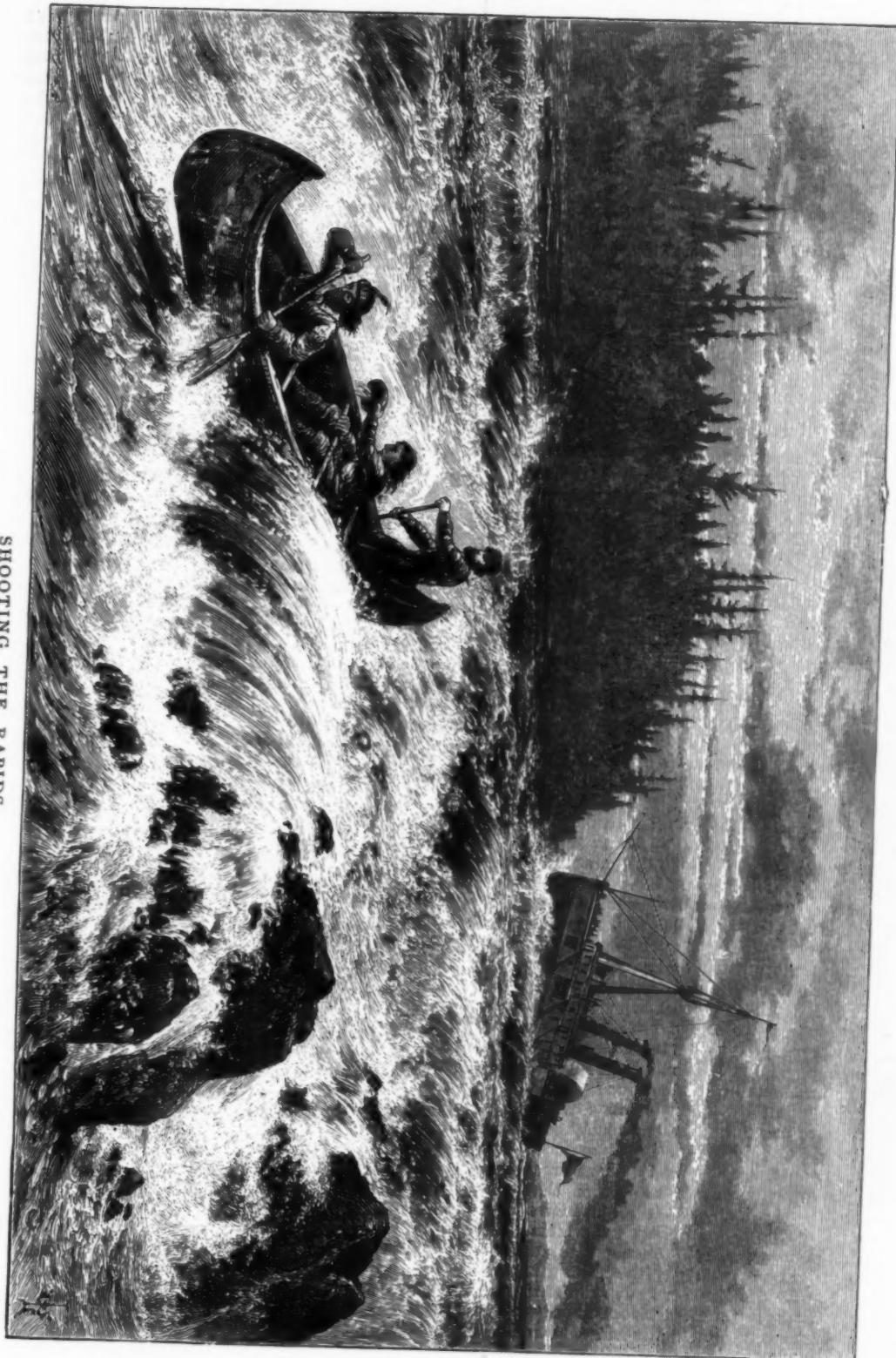
but when boiled or used with tea or coffee it is wholesome. Several people have expressed to me their hope that lager beer will be allowed to be sold. All, outwardly at least, agree that the prohibition of spirits is good for the people. I cannot say that I have not seen a drunken man in Canada, but the temperance of the people is conspicuous.

Since my return to Winnipeg I have been seeing a little and hearing much more about East London emigrants. It is generally felt that their exodus is a test one. There are several kinds of settlers. The most welcome is a man with a few hundred pounds, who can "take up" land, stock it well, work himself, and have enough to tide over till he can sell the produce of his farm. The agricultural labourer, too, if intelligent, steady, and industrious, has considerable openings here; but if he brings no capital he must labour somewhere till he saves enough to get his "quarter section" and squat in a turf hut of his own. The sheer townsman, who has been used to a cook-shop round every corner, is often sorely tried when put down alone on his grassy lot, which, as it has no visible boundaries, is seemingly the boundless prairie. Thus the change may be too much for him, and the conduct of civilised life may be so rudely broken by his flitting as to take away his faith in the soil. Moreover, he has probably been accustomed not only to a quick return for his labour, but to labour of a kind which produces an immediately obvious result. He does not realise the slow repayment of Nature. The breaking of the prairie sod promises too distant a wage. Thus when I had asked several Londoners what they had earned in the old country, and then went on to inquire what they got in the new, two or three pulled rather long faces, and said, "We shall get nothing till next fall"—they had already learnt the American for "autumn." But they all spoke with hope, and *not one expressed a wish to return.* I should repeat that they were justified in some complaints, for the prices of several necessary items published by the authorities here are misleading—e.g., nothing can really be done with the soil without a yoke of oxen to plough it, and the cost of these is thirty per cent. more than the settler is led to expect. This at first daunted some of our Londoners, who showed me the printed list which had misled them. However, as I heard an expert say, "They will worry through." And as they do, the problem involving the disposal of some of our surplus souls approaches solution. Of this I feel more confident as I reflect on what I have seen and heard, since some of these settlers are not of the most provident and pushing class. I know the style of man I am thinking of well; but here, though with an aptitude for grumbling, the whine seems to be going out of him. Some few, possibly, may fail altogether, and will return speaking evil of the land. Some will have a very hard pinch in the coming winter; but I believe that they will win. Anyhow, if their condition should now be compared with what it was in London it would be favourably judged. And since their great drawback (ignorance of agriculture) grows less every

month, their progress is the more hopeful as time goes on. The emigrants who seem to succeed most quickly are domestic servants, intelligent workmen of the railway labourer class, and those of a little better education, who are gifted with good health and strength, stick at nothing, and have plenty of "push." Let me give three examples out of many which might be produced. Mrs. Vatcher, of St. Philip's, Stepney, sent out a party of poor girls from the East of London this last May, and asked me to look up one who had gone to Winnipeg. I did so. She was in a respectable place and earning 15 dollars a month—i.e., £36 a year, with board and lodging. "I am quite happy and comfortable," she said, her face beaming when I told her that I had come from Mrs. Vatcher. The next case was that of a railway labourer, named Thomas Watson, from Lincolnshire. He had come out with his wife to join a brother-in-law some distance from Winnipeg, and on reaching the haven which he sought found that his relation had flitted, leaving no address that he could then find. He had "gone West." So Watson returned to the emigrant shed at Winnipeg with a long face. "What has he been doing since he came back?" I asked. "Well," was the elegant reply, "he has been tightening his belt to keep his belly together." And he certainly looked very lean as he came in (while I was standing by the shed) from another cruise after work. But there was a nascent twinkle in his eye. "Have you got any?" said the superintendent, a fine ex-Crimean soldier, full of kindness and good sense. "Yes, sir, I've got a section-house with 56 dollars a month, and my wife is to take in boarders." A "section-house" is one by the rail side where the men live who look after a certain "section" of the line. Thus, our friend had found his place, worth over £130 a year, with house and firing. In asking the Rev. H. T. Leslie, "immigrant chaplain" at Winnipeg (who knows the place well, and most kindly gave me much assistance and information), whether this was a fair test case, he said it was, and added that the man's wife would possibly earn nearly as much. But then Watson is a shrewd, strong, likely-looking fellow. Not so seemed a civil-speaking man from Notting Hill, whom I next interviewed. "What is your trade?" I asked. "Oh, nothing particular, sir," said he, "but I want to keep about in the town." "He won't do," I remarked to the superintendent, whose reply was at once, "No." Then he added, "And yet some such a few years ago went to"—I forgot the name of the place—"and several were starved; but the rest have become excellent citizens. It taught them." Our Notting Hill friend will, I fear, have a sharp time of it in his first winter.

The third instance I refer to was that of a man with whom I conversed at length about the East London emigrants. "Look at me," he said. I did. He was six feet high, measured about forty-five inches round the chest, and had a black beard as strong as a quickset hedge. "Look at my hands," he said next. I did. They were not particularly dirty, but as hard as iron. "These

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



people," he continued, "want oxen and ploughs to begin. Waal. Guess I came with these two hands without anything like the price of a cow in them, two years ago, and now I have thousands of dollars. Whenever I saw half a one I went for it." He was a Canadian born, and told me his history. I saw him presently driving a fine pair of horses in his own buggy, and he had "elegant" gloves on. These three instances of success which I have given are not exceptional, but then a man must pre-eminently have "push," and not sit in the middle of a field with a pail expecting some cow to come to be milked. Our friend, the railway-man from Lincolnshire, had met with an initial fall by failing to find his brother-in-law, but he soon recovered himself, and already I dare say has let out several holes in his belt.

After Moosomin the traveller will anyhow be sure to alight at Indian Head. Here is the much-talked-of "Bell Farm," ten miles square, worked like a machine with every suspicion of rural sentiment wholly discarded. Indeed, everything is sacrificed to supposed economy, including some of the horses, which were miserably poor. The engines, too, were pronounced by an expert in machinery, who formed one of our party, to be fragile fabrics. Huge tubs, looking like the Martello towers which fringe part of our eastern English coasts, and holding 1,000 bushels each, stand at suitable places to take the grain as it issues from the threshing machines. These are furnished with short elevators, which stick up like kettle-spouts so as to reach the hole in the upper rim of the tub into which the corn runs. It is afterwards collected from these temporary receptacles and taken to the nearest railway station. The wheat is white Fife, and you may see a great flat field containing 15,000 acres of it. It is of course reaped with binders. A good deal was uncut and patchy with green ears. Wheat is grown after wheat without manure or at present any clearing of the land, but we were told that a third of the soil would be rested every year. The last yield was twenty-two and a half bushels to the acre. This is a very fair return, considering the haste or "harum-scarum" style of farming which marks the present agriculture of this part of the Dominion. Straw is used as fuel in the Bell Farm engines, and that which is not thus consumed is burnt to be got out of the way. The seed is sown by a broadcaster machine. Altogether, though more has to be done here, enough may be seen to make the wheat producer in England look grave. But the cities stand so thick with consumers of bread that they may laugh and sing. The hope is that abundant bread may beget an ambitious appetite, and that English farmers may be able to grow fragile comforts which cannot be imported from afar, and have hitherto been beyond the purse of the million, but which if sold in towns at a very much cheaper rate than the present might yet well pay the tiller of home fields. The Bell Farm certainly set us thinking with emphatic seriousness about these, and a tobacco parliament met in the smoking-room of our "special" to discuss agricultural prospects as we steamed away. Since the average holding

of the Canadian farmer (according to a statement made during the meeting of the British Association at Montreal by Professor Brown, of the Agricultural College at Guelph) is only about 150 acres, the claims of this large wheat manufactory at India Head are peculiar, if not unique, in the Dominion, and the public waits to see what a company can do with the soil in cheapening wheat for the market and paying a dividend to its shareholders at the same time.

Count Everard's Treasure.

(From the German.)

AT Aix the princes sat
Around the festive table,
And each his country's praise
Set forth as each was able.

One praised his healing waters,
And one his sparkling wines ;
Another proudly vaunted
His gold and silver mines.

Count Everard spoke no word :
Then said they, "Let us know,
Count Everard, what precious thing
Like ours thy land can show."

"Of vine-clad hill," said he,
"Or health-restoring well,
Or treasure-yielding mines,
'Tis little I can tell :—

"But once I wandered lost,
Far in a forest deep,
Till tired, beneath the stars,
I laid me down to sleep.

"I dreamed ; and in my dream
I thought that I was dead,
And in the vault the funeral-lights
Burned dimly at my head ;

"And men and women stood
Deep sorrowing round my bier,
And silently they wept
For loss of one so dear ;

"Then warm upon my heart
A tear-drop seemed to rest :
It woke me—and, behold, I lay
Upon a peasant's breast !

"The woodman late that night
Homeward his steps had bent,
And thus a Wurtemberger's heart
To rest my head was lent."

Count Everard's simple tale
The princes wondering heard ;
Then owned such honest, faithful hearts
O'er mines and wines to be preferred.

And counts and princes all confessed
Count Everard's treasure was the best ;
And loud they praised, and toasted high
The Wurtemberger's piety.

F. B.

THE NEXT-OF-KIN.

BY THE REV. T. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

CHAPTER I.

THE letter-bag was brought in later than usual at Norfolk House, and Miss Skipjohn, who had evidently been in a fidget about it all the morning and had eaten scarcely a morsel of breakfast, did not seem to gather much satisfaction from its contents when she turned them out upon the table, glancing hastily at the two or three which fell upon the cloth. She groped carefully in the bag for another, but to no purpose. The letter she had been expecting or desiring was not there. Miss Skipjohn was angry with the postman, ostensibly because he was late, but really because he had not brought her what she wanted. She was angry with the gardener because he made a noise with his besom in sweeping the gravel under the breakfast-room window, and angry with the maid who clattered the cups together as she took away the breakfast things. But neither postman, gardener, nor parlour-maid were to blame, as she very well knew. The real cause of her displeasure was that a letter which she had been looking for had not arrived. And yet Miss Skipjohn would not have admitted to any one that she expected such a letter, and if it had not been for the more than usual acerbity of her temper and the "shortness," as her servants called it, of her manner in speaking to them, no one need have known that she had suffered a disappointment.

Miss Fielding, her useful companion, whose eyes had also followed the opening of the letter-bag and the sorting of the letters, seemed to understand the cause of her annoyance, and, if one might judge by the shade which passed over her features, to share in it, though there was no expression of sympathy on either side and no recognition of the fact that they had any community of interest in the matter.

A few words here may give the reader an insight into the situation, and prepare the way for what is to follow.

Miss Skipjohn was an elderly lady of good property, residing in an old-fashioned but very comfortable house at a short distance from the market town of Jauntingford. She was not highly educated, had no accomplishments, did not care for music or painting or poetry, and was not fond of reading. She went very little into society, and her neighbours wondered much how she managed to pass her time. But that was her own affair, not theirs. Time went on without paying much regard to her, and sixty summers, and winters too, had passed over her head at the period of which we write. Summer and winter were almost alike to her; she seldom went from home at either season, but occupied herself indoors about her own concerns, which, whether great or little in themselves, were of more consequence to her than all the cares and labours and sorrows and

pleasures of all the world besides. Miss Skipjohn was the first person within the range of her horizon, mental and physical, and there was no one else worthy of consideration; so, at least, her neighbours said, and of course they would not have said anything so unneighbourly if they had not thought that it was true. She was the "I, thou, he, she, and it" of Norfolk House and its vicinity. "They"—that is the rest of the world—came in somewhere, perhaps, but only now and then, as accident made room for them.

Miss Fielding, who lived with her and received the largest share of her *inattention*, was the daughter of a widow residing at Jauntingford, who had been left with three young children to educate and support, and with very little means at her disposal. She had been glad therefore for Letty, or Letitia if we would be particular (as is necessary at Norfolk House), to enter Miss Skipjohn's service as her companion. For, although that lady was known to be eccentric in her habits, singular in her opinions, and uneven in her temper, yet she was liberal in money matters, and had some good "properties," as her dependents acknowledged, if you could only put up with her and get to know her. Miss Fielding had "put up with her" for four or five years, and knew her pretty well by that time, but she had often been under notice to quit and had more than once been sent home to her mother, only to be recalled the day following and reinstated without a word of explanation or apology on either side.

Miss Fielding had indeed become necessary to her elderly patroness, who had no near relatives and scarcely any friends. The former she had outlived: there were, it is true, cousins first and second, and nephews and nieces twice and thrice removed, in considerable number, but Miss Skipjohn had lost sight of them and they of her: the latter she had offended by her imperious manner, her disregard for other people's feelings, and her pride which would not suffer her when she had been guilty of an incivility to make any concession or acknowledgment.

If she had any particular regard for any one it was for a "half-nephew," as she used to call him, a young man of two or three-and-twenty, who had been to some extent dependent upon her in his boyhood, and who continued to visit her periodically at Norfolk House. But he had given her great offence lately by letting it appear that he found more pleasure in the society of Miss Letty Fielding than in that of his elderly, self-occupied "half-aunt." Angry words had passed between them. Edward Calcott had forgotten his "duty," and had ventured to speak plainly on the subject of his boyish attachment, and Miss Skipjohn had reproached him with ingratitude. She had even told him in one of her

fits of temper that the affection he professed for herself was a pretence, her money being the only thing he really cared for; and when he resented an accusation so offensive and unjust she had dismissed him from her house with a terse recommendation not to return there till he should be sent for.

The young man had taken her at her word, and though many weeks had elapsed since he left Norfolk House, Miss Skipjohn had heard nothing of him since. She was really fond of him, and was vexed with herself for having given utterance to such offensive words, vexed also with him for having laid them so much to heart, or, as she called it, "taken offence" at them. She had expected that he would humble himself, as perhaps he ought to have done considering her age and the many instances of favour she had shown him. But he also had a temper of his own, and while Miss Skipjohn's pride prevented her from recalling at leisure what she had spoken in haste, young Calcott's pride, which had been deeply wounded, stood in the way of any concession on his part which he thought might possibly be made the occasion of a fresh insult.

Miss Skipjohn had been in the habit of sending her half-nephew a substantial present on his birthday, and he, for his part, had never failed to write to his aunt on hers; a letter of good wishes only, but one which it was very gratifying to her feelings to receive. Her birthday was now past. The letter which she had been expecting with more than usual anxiety had not arrived, and she was of course very bitter against her obstinate and ungrateful nephew, and proportionately disagreeable in her behaviour to all who were about her.

Miss Fielding, who, without being supposed to know the cause of her annoyance, was only too painfully aware of it, sent the coachman over to Jauntingford in the afternoon, hoping that the letter might arrive by second delivery. There was one, but not from Edward Calcott, and it proved to be a bill. Miss Skipjohn never had any bills if she could help it. She fancied herself aggrieved whenever a tradesman sent in an account, which she would say ought to have been settled at the time. According to her theory, everybody wanted to impose upon her, and bills were kept back on purpose. So she threw the obnoxious "little account" upon the floor, and, turning to Miss Fielding, rebuked her for her officiousness in sending for it.

"Really, Miss Fielding," she said, "you are enough to provoke a saint. Eh? What did you say?"

Miss Fielding had said nothing, and said it again.

Speech is silvern, but silence is golden. But angry and unreasonable people like to be answered. Flint cannot strike fire without steel, and it is difficult to keep up an altercation or to indulge one's ill-humour when there is no opposition.

"Eh, what? What did you say?" Miss Skipjohn repeated.

"I am sorry I have annoyed you," her companion answered.

"There again!" cried Miss Skipjohn, with an injured look. "I never said you had annoyed me. Why do you take such ideas into your head? I declare it is most pro-vo—"

She hesitated and stopped without finishing her sentence. She had caught sight of something in Miss Fielding's look, or perhaps a glistening in her large dark eyes, which seemed to have the effect of softening her displeasure. Letty bent her head over her work and was silent.

"I wish you would not be so ready to take offence, Miss Fielding," said Miss Skipjohn, in a milder tone. "It is strange how ready everybody is to take offence. One has to be very careful what one says when people are so touchy."

"I have not taken offence, Miss Skipjohn," her young friend answered, meekly. "I was only afraid you were annoyed with me for sending John to Jauntingford for letters."

"If I had been annoyed I should have said so. Eh? what?"

Miss Fielding thought that Miss Skipjohn had "said so" plainly enough, though not in so many words; but she restrained the answer which was at her tongue's end, and kept her golden silence as before.

"Well, don't say any more about it," Miss Skipjohn said, stiffly, but not without some signs of emotion in her voice. "I don't want to quarrel with you, and you don't want to quarrel with me, I hope. No," she added, after a pause, "I hate quarrelling; there's too much of it. I don't know why it is that people are so unreasonable and exacting."

She was thinking of her own disappointment about the letter, and smarting under a sense of neglect and loneliness, and wondering why it was that she had so few friends, with a dim consciousness perhaps that it might be in some measure her own fault.

"Not that I care," she continued. "I have no relatives and no acquaintances; only two or three half-uncles and half-aunts, and half-nephews and half-nieces, and they are nothing to me. I never had even a mother of my own that I can remember; only a stepmother, which is another word for 'half.' But half is enough—half is too much when people are ungrateful and inconsiderate, and don't know what is due to one another."

"I am so sorry," Letty answered, scarcely knowing what to say, but afraid of saying nothing in this instance, when sympathy seemed to be expected.

"Sorry? Why? You ought to be glad; you will be glad some day, no doubt. I have put you down for a trifle in my will, as you know. I should not have done that if I had had a lot of dutiful relations with claims upon me. You need not count upon it, though. I shall perhaps tear up my last will and testament some day, as I did my last but one and my last before that. Yes, you will be glad when I am gone. I wonder whether anybody will be sorry."

"Oh, Miss Skipjohn! how can you talk thus? You do me wrong, and you do others wrong besides me. I, at all events, should miss you

very much, for you have been kind to me and to my mother also. I do not know how we should have fared if it had not been for your presents at Christmas and at other times. And, apart from all that, I have not lived in your house so many years without becoming attached to you, and warmly, affectionately, if you would believe me."

"Cupboard love, my dear—cupboard love; but that perhaps is better than none. Where's that young Calcott now?"

Letty looked up at the speaker, surprised not less at the abruptness of her question than at the subject of it, for Calcott's name had not been mentioned between them since he left the house.

"I don't know, Miss Skipjohn," she replied.

"Doesn't he write to you?"

"No, certainly not. Why should he?"

"Oh, you know why he should and why he shouldn't. Have you never heard from him at all since he was here?"

"Never."

"You expected to, though. That was why you sent to Jauntingford this afternoon for letters."

Miss Fielding began to protest vehemently that nothing had been farther from her thoughts, but she was conscious that she had felt a kind of second-hand interest in the contents of the post-bag that day, and had been perhaps to the full as much disappointed when it was opened as was Miss Skipjohn herself. So her voice faltered as she spoke, and her last words of protest remained unuttered.



MISS SKIPJOHN.

Miss Skipjohn looked at her sternly for a few moments without speaking. Then the hard lines about her mouth and lips relaxed, and she sighed gently and unconsciously, and, rising from her

chair, walked with a quicker step than usual to the door, and left the room. She had scarcely quitted it when Harriet the parlour-maid entered, bearing on a waiter a second letter for her mistress, which she said the coachman had overlooked somehow when delivering the former one. He had found this in his coat-pocket when he took his coat off; it had slipped to the bottom somehow. He thought at the time there ought to have been two, but had not felt sure about it, not having taken any particular notice. Miss Fielding extended her hand quickly to receive the letter, for although it was not addressed to her she recognised the handwriting at a glance, and felt eagerly impelled, she scarcely knew why, to clasp the envelope in her fingers and to feast her eyes upon the superscription. But she recovered herself in an instant, and, leaving the letter on the waiter untouched, bade Harriet take it upstairs at once to Miss Skipjohn, and to explain by what accident it had been delayed. "Now," she thought to herself, "Miss Skipjohn will be satisfied. Now she will be glad that I sent to the post-office, instead of resenting my officiousness. Poor dear lady, she loves Edward; she loves him truly, I am sure; she could not help it. She has been quite unhappy ever since she dismissed him so unkindly and suddenly. She will be reconciled to him now, I trust. I wonder what he says in his letter. I hardly thought he would have written. It is not because he wants anything from his aunt, I am sure. He is too proud, too independent to accept another gift from her if she were to offer it, unless she would withdraw her cruel and unjust words to him; and that she will never do. I wonder whether she will show me the letter or tell me what he says."

Letty waited, on the tiptoe of expectation, listening intently for the first sound of Miss Skipjohn's voice if she should call to her, her heart beating audibly. But, with the exception of a heavy footfall now and then overhead in that lady's chamber, not a sound was heard. An hour passed away; two hours; yet no summons came, neither did Miss Skipjohn appear. Harriet came in, ostensibly to sweep up the hearth, but really to talk matters over, and Miss Fielding questioned her, but the maid could only tell her how Miss Skipjohn took the letter from the waiter without a word and turned her back upon her while she opened it. She was in a great hurry to read it and seemed agitated "for her," and that was all Harriet had observed before she left the room. She had not heard or seen anything of her mistress since. Going out into the garden presently, Letty glanced up at the bedroom window and saw the outline of Miss Skipjohn's face as she sat near it, fixed and immovable, gazing steadfastly as it seemed at the distant hills. She did not venture to speak to her, nor did Miss Skipjohn take any notice of her. The tea-bell rang at the usual hour, but Miss Skipjohn did not descend, and when at length Miss Fielding, her curiosity beginning to give place to a vague feeling of alarm, knocked at the door, she listened in vain for a reply. Opening it gently, she found Miss Skipjohn sitting bolt upright upon a high-

backed chair, her face white and rigid, her hands clasped upon her breast and her eyes fixed apparently upon some distant object. Letty was struck with the strange expression of her features. She looked aged and wan, as if she had suffered some great bodily pain and had been trying to master it. The fragments of a letter, which she had evidently torn to pieces in a moment of anger, lay at her feet. Miss Skipjohn looked round as Letty entered the room.

"Don't come here," she said, turning away her face again as soon as she saw who the intruder was.

Letty approached, notwithstanding, and stood quietly beside her.

"It's just what I expected," the elder lady continued. "Thoughtless, ungrateful, good-for-nothing! But what does it signify? No, Miss Fielding, I shall not come down to tea. Eh? what? Yes, you can send me some up here if you like, and some toast."

Letty brought her what she had asked for on a waiter, and sat down near the little table on which she had placed it. Miss Skipjohn took no notice of her, but when she had swallowed her tea thrust the waiter from her and pointed to the door. She did not eat the toast; it was only by way of showing her indifference that she had asked for it, but she could not touch it.

"I don't like to leave you thus, dear Miss Skipjohn," said her companion. "I fear you are not well."

"I am quite well," the elder lady answered.

"Has anything happened?" said Miss Fielding, timidly.

Miss Skipjohn pointed to the torn letter. "You know all about it, I dare say," she said.

"I know nothing, nothing at all," was the anxious, almost impetuous reply.

Miss Skipjohn looked at her companion intently, and felt that she had spoken the truth.

"You have not heard from him then?"

Letty shook her head, but could not trust herself to speak. There was a great fear at her heart which seemed to take away her breath.

"He does not care for you, as you thought he did, nor for me, nor for anybody. He is like all the rest."

"Where is he?" Miss Fielding asked.

"Gone! Gone away for good! Gone abroad!" cried Miss Skipjohn, with a sudden sweep of her hand, betokening immeasurable distance.

"But where? where?"

"North, south, east, or west—who knows? Not I. He is gone; that is all that I can tell you."

Miss Fielding stooped down and began to gather up the fragments of the letter, intending to put them together, forgetful or regardless of the fact they did not belong to her.

"Ah, yes," said Miss Skipjohn, extending her hand. "Give them to me; I must burn them," and she clutched the pieces of paper in her grasp.

"Is there no address?" Letty asked.

"No; I have searched carefully again and again; at least," she continued, as if ashamed of

the confession, "I looked for it, of course, and there was none. He will come back, he says, some day. He does not want anything from me."

"Does he say that?"

"Yes, that's what it comes to; and yet he says he is grateful, and pretends that he cared for me and loved me ever since he was a little child. And so he ought, and so I thought he did. I thought—I fancied—"

Her voice trembled, and she could say no more, but she drew herself up in her chair, fixed her eyes again upon the distance, and was evidently resolved not to give way to anything like weakness or emotion.

"He did love you; he always said so," Letty cried. "You were like a mother to him, and he loved you truly, dear Miss Skipjohn. If you had written but a few kind words to him he would have come back instantly. I am sure he would."

"He ought not to have waited for that," Miss Skipjohn answered. "He ought not to have expected it."

"Perhaps not; but he was proud: he thought you would say it was your money that he wanted, and that that was all he cared for."

"Miss Fielding!" cried the old lady, rising to her feet and looking at her sternly.

"I beg your pardon. I did not mean it: indeed I did not mean it!" Letty exclaimed. The words she had repeated were the very same which Miss Skipjohn had addressed to her "half-nephew" on the day when he turned from her door. They had rankled in the speaker's heart ever since she uttered them; for she knew that they were unjust and false; and yet, because she had spoken them she would not recall them.

"I wish the money had never been coined!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "It does no one any good. I am wretched. He should have had it all if he had come back. Oh me!"

She clasped both hands tightly over her heart with a cry of pain and sank back into her chair.

"What can I do for you?" cried Letty, anxiously.

"Nothing, child," she said, quickly, but in a low voice. "Do you think he cared for me, really?" she added, after a pause.

"I know he did—more than you would believe."

"It was you that he loved," Miss Skipjohn answered.

"Yes," Letty replied, naturally; "but he loved you none the less on that account: why should he? You have been very kind and good to me, as well as to him; he knew it, and was grateful for it."

The stern old lady laid her head back wearily, and tears forced their way from under her closed eyelids and trickled down her furrowed cheeks. "Kiss me," she said, pursing up her thin lips expectantly.

Miss Fielding embraced her tenderly, and they sat for a few minutes side by side and hand in hand without speaking.

"I think I'll go to bed soon," said Miss Skip-

john. "I won't go downstairs again this evening."

"Let me stay with you."

"No. I would rather be alone, thank you."

She wiped her eyes and looked about her on the floor to make sure that all the fragments of the precious letter, the letter which had caused her so much pain and grief, were safe in her possession.

"You will not burn it?" Miss Fielding said.

"No! burn it? No! of course not; and yet it is of no use. There is no address, no clue to where he is gone. He sailed yesterday: he will come back some day; when he is independent and wants nothing from anybody; but what good will that do me? I shall be dead and buried before then. I shall never see him again; never."

"You will see him again," Letty answered: "in this world, I hope; if not, in another and better."

"Eh, what?"

Miss Skipjohn had never encouraged any allusion to religious subjects. She made no profession of religion beyond what was becoming on Sundays: yet she was accustomed to say, and to think, that she had as much of it as other people.

If she had, she kept it to herself: but that was her way with most things.

"One world is enough at a time," she said, presently, in reply to Miss Fielding's remark. "I shall soon have done with this; and then—well, then we shall know a little more about the next. Don't sigh and look so dismal. I am not quite a heathen. I hope I shall find out the way to heaven as well as others, though I may not talk quite so much about it."

Although Miss Skipjohn said this in her usual strain, it was not with her usual manner, but in a subdued tone and with downcast eyes, as if half ashamed of what she was uttering.

"I hope so, indeed," Letty replied. "I pray for you very often, dear Miss Skipjohn; and I hope you will pray for me. I like to think that you do so. It is pleasant to know that one may help another in that way, especially when there are cares and troubles which are beyond one's power to relieve or remedy."

"There, that will do," Miss Skipjohn answered, quietly, without looking at her companion. "Say your prayers, by all means; it's right and proper: and—yes, think of me, child, think of me when you are so employed. There; good night; now you can go."

GENERAL GORDON'S CHINESE CAMPAIGN.

AMONG the tributes of honour to the memory of Gordon, none have been more touching and appropriate than those from the far-off land of China. From the Emperor himself and from his chief statesmen there has been conveyed grateful recognition of the services of the heroic Englishman, who in his early life was the main agent in suppressing the Taiping rebellion and saving the empire. It will interest our readers to peruse the following paper transcribed from a journal written by Gordon himself. The document was handed by him at Shanghai to Mr. Samuel Mossman, then editor of the "North China Herald," as a brief but authentic record of that memorable campaign. Mr. Mossman has treasured it as a souvenir of those times, and now sends it for publication, as having the special value of being one of the few documents from Gordon's own pen descriptive of events about which others have written largely. A few explanatory words are given, in brackets, where the references to persons and events seemed to need explanation. With this exception it is a faithful copy of the original. The chief towns named will be found in any good map of China.

TRANSCRIPT OF GENERAL GORDON'S UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

18th March, 1863.—Shoushing falls. Dew's career against Taipings closes. (Captain Roderick Dew, R.N.)

25th March, 1863.—G. (Gordon) takes command. Chanzu was closely beleaguered by Chung Wang

(Rebel chief). Fushan was partially surrounded by the Imperial Forces; with a portion of the Ever V. Army under Tapp (Major) who had been repulsed on the 17th March. G. (Gordon) starts with 500 extra men. Arrives at Fushan on the 2nd April. Captures place on the 4th April with loss of one officer and three men killed and five wounded. Rebels fell back from around Chanzu in the night of the 4th, and are not to be seen on the 5th. The Ever V. (Ever Victorious Army) return to Sungkiong on the 7th April. The force on the 23rd April start for Quinsan; as it is supposed Taitsan will surrender to the Futa's Brother (an Imperialist general). Arrived within eight miles of Quinsan, when news comes that the Futa's brother had been led into an ambuscade (under the pretence of the city being given up), and had lost 1,600 men and all his camp, himself being wounded.

TAITSAN.—Force marches across country to Taitsan. Carries stockades on the 30th April, and the city on 1st May, after a determined resistance—the breach at West Gate held by picked men. Three bodies of the Sepoys taken prisoner at Naizean on 18th May, 1862, with 12-pounder howitzer, are found with five other Europeans and one American. Hargreaves, Private H.M. 31st Regiment, who had deserted with two comrades, then wrecked (in a boat), was taken severely wounded, and sent to Shanghai. Rebel loss not severe. Ours very heavy indeed. Ornamental arch at West Gate pitted with bullets. Holland's (Major of Marines) breach was at South Gate. Very

great doubts of success. Struggle lasted on breach for twenty minutes. Futai's brother gets his affair mixed up with this attack, and gets whitewashed.

Force moves to Quinsan. Vain effort to keep them together to attack Quinsan. Forced through behaviour to go back to refit to Sungkiong (the headquarters of Disciplined Force). Just before starting for Quinsan, Burgevine (American leader) comes from Peking with orders from Bruce (British Ambassador) to take force. Local authorities will not have it. Lay (the Inspector-General of Customs) arrives about same time.

The Hyson (small armed steamer) is conveyed up with the force, after great difficulty. Worth at least 10,000 men. Moral effect. Force returns to Sungkiong. Reorganised. Force starts for Quinsan after a great row with the officers and G. (Gordon) (*de mortuis nil nisi, etc.*). Find Rebels are encompassing Chinese General Ching at East Gate near high bridge. Attack Rebels on the 30th May. Clayton, Captain 99th Regiment, wounded, afterwards dies—drive them to West Gate.

Aspect of Quinsan (small sketch plan of it). Isolated hill, surrounded by wall, very wide ditch. City very strong at East Gate. Every manoeuvre seen from top of hill and telegraphed to chief. Determined to surround city. We have already Chanzu at north belonging to us.

Rebels have only one road of retreat towards Soochow, along wide canal, leading from West Gate Quinsan to East Gate Soochow, twenty-four miles. Reconnoitre the country on 30th May. Found that this road can be cut at Chunye, eight miles from Quinsan, sixteen miles from Soochow, point of junction and key to possession of Quinsan held by their Rebel stockades. Detour of twenty miles in Rebel country necessary to get at this point. Value of steamer.

31st May.—Start with 300 men (Rifles), thirty gunboats (Chinese), and some field artillery on morning of 31st May. Surprise Rebels at Chunye. Take stockades with no loss. G. (Gordon) leaves the 300 men at Chunye—the mass of the force are at East Gate, Quinsan—and with Davidson, of (the steamer) Hyson towards Soochow. Met by reinforcement. Open fire upon them. They retreat. The steamer at slow speed follows them up. Mass of Rebels in only one road. Confusion; the junction of other bodies of Rebels with these. Dogged resistance, although useless. Steamer pushes on, and comes on high bridge at Ta-Edin. Steamer can go through with funnel standing. Rebels evacuate very strong stone fort on approach of steamer after a few shots. Steamer pursues. Takes Seaou-Edin and Wai-quai-dong, and steams up close to Soochow. Then returns to Chunye.

1st June, 3 a.m.—Find the troops there in great alarm, as they are being attacked by the garrison, 7,000, of Quinsan, trying to escape. Great assistance of steamer and repulse of attack. Garrison surrenders. Loss of Rebels, 4,000 to 5,000 killed, drowned, and murdered by villagers; 2,000 prisoners taken; and 1,500 boats captured. Our loss, two killed. Value of steamer. Davidson (master) first-rate officer. Knowledge of country very useful.

Quinsan captured. Quinsan most valuable key to whole country; capable steamer communication in every direction. G. (Gordon) determines to move headquarters there, as the men would be more under control than they were at Sungkiong. Men mutiny. One is shot at tombstone just outside West Gate. Mark of bullet still there. Men then desert; 1,700 only out of 3,900 remain. Very disorderly lot. Ward (Gordon's predecessor in command) spoilt them. G. (Gordon) recruits Rebel prisoners, who are much better men.

Determines to attack Soochow; not directly, but on the same principle as Quinsan—viz., by cutting communications. Original intention to take Wokong, a town fifteen miles south of Soochow on the Grand Canal, and Woosieh, a town thirty miles n.w. of Soochow on Grand Canal. Then to hold Ta-ho Lake, west of Soochow, while in possession of Quinsan to the east of Soochow. Idea was dissension would break out if this was done. This idea was caused owing to Burgevine (American adventurer) going to the Rebels, only in a modified form. The same principle being observed as in original intention. Soochow admirably situated to be cut off. Never thought it would be necessary to take Soochow by force. (Here is a small sketch of the contemplated operation.)

I cannot go into this affair now. It would take too long. It is very well for people to judge at a distance of what to do, but not so easy to carry out their advice. The rebellion is now very like an hour-glass. (Here comes in a small sketch plan showing the position.) G. (Gordon) thought if he took (A) Liyang and (B) Yesing it would cut it in two. He might then fall on C (Kintang) and turn Chanchu-foo. Imperialists of Tseng-kwo-fan's (Chinese general) army were at D. It was necessary to throw off all idea of getting provisions up, and to carry enough with us, as we were going at the heart of the Rebel power.

The force returned to Quinsan. The bodies of Dolly, Martin, Easton, and Petty, Fire Fly officers, were found. They had been murdered by the Rebels. The more shame for Lindley and Co. They are buried close to an ornamental arch near the old stockades close to the river bank, *vide* map. (This refers to the "Military plan of the country around Shanghai, from surveys made in 1862, '63, '64, '65, by Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, C.B., Major Edwards, Lieutenants Sanford, Lyster, and Maude, Royal Engineers, Lieutenants Danyell and Bateman, H.M. 31st Regiment, Assistant Engineers." The plan is on a large scale, and covers an area of eighty square feet. A copy, beautifully protracted on thin silk, by Gordon's Chinese draughtsman, who named the towns and localities in native characters, was presented to Mr. Samuel Mossman, with the journal of the Taiping campaign, for reference, in reporting in the "North China Herald," the numerous towns captured or surrendered.)

25th July, 1863.—Start from Quinsan for Wokong. After troubles with artillery (*de mortuis, etc.*), cut the Grand Canal at Kalipooh, midway between Soochow and Wokong. Leave force at Kalipooh to prevent Rebels coming from Soochow

to help Wokong. Advance to Wokong July 28th. Capture stockades off North and South Gates. Surrounding walls. Capture fifteen gunboats. City surrenders, 7,000 men, on the 29th July. No loss on either side to speak of.

Return to Quinsan. G. (Gordon) goes to Shanghai. Hears of Burgevine (American adventurer) joining Rebels, and leaves for Quinsan. Burgevine captures Kajow steamer. Goes to Soochow.

4th August.—Burgevine in Rebel employ, attacks Kalipoo. Davidson (captain of Gordon's steamer *Hyson*) gallantly returns the Rebels' fire with shell, and attacks vigorously. G. arrives from Kalipoo 5th August with 200 men. Repulse attacks and drive Rebels back. Send for more troops. Rebels very plucky. Lose their best gunner by grape from *Hyson*. Kalipoo strengthened. G. makes sortie. Rebels driven back. Great danger of Kalipoo being taken. Supposing it to be so the fall of Wokong would follow, and advance of Rebels to Shanghai. Burgevine dilatory and sleepy. Goes off to Nanking. Great mistake.

September.—The state of force not satisfactory. Too much talking among officers about Burgevine. Men sickly through inactivity. G. determines to take the men out of Quinsan and camp them at Waiquidong, six miles from East Gate of Soochow. Better looked after in the field, and nearer to Rebels and Kalipoo. (Here is another small sketch plan of intended operations, forming a right-angled triangle, including Soochow, Patachiao, Kalipoo, and Waiquidong.)

G. decides on attempting to surprise Patachiao, 53-arched bridge, 300 yards long, and two miles from Soochow. Distance from Patachiao to Waiquidong is six miles; distance from Kalipoo to Waiquidong is ten miles. The Rebels could get between Kalipoo and Waiquidong. If Patachiao was taken, no fear for Shanghai. Start 28th Sept. at 2 a.m.; raining heavily; 800 men and Bonnefois with 300 of the Franco-Chinese. Bonnefois a very good officer—gallant, brave, and enterprising. Cross the lakes by compass bearings, and reach Patachiao at break of day 29th Sept. Complete surprise; no loss on our side.

Rebels under Burgevine, Chung Wang and all the European (Renegades) attack it on the 1st Oct., and although nearly successful, owing to the idiocy of G. (Gordon) sending away all his men but 300, are driven back. Negotiations take place with G. and Burgevine at small bridge 1,100 yards from Patachiao, on road from that place to Soochow. Nothing settled fixedly, but Burgevine wants to surrender.

12th Oct.—Burgevine with Chung Wang (the chief Rebel leader), start from north of city and try to capture Chanzu. Meet determined resistance at Ta-jow-ku, some eighteen miles from Chanzu. Burgevine shoots Jones (a renegade). Kajow (steamer) blows up. Wreck; then still. Burgevine loses forty men by blow-up of steamer and gunboats full of powder, and Chung Wang sends him back to Soochow.

11th Oct.—Rebels from Keshing-fu attack Wokong. Gordon goes down on 12th Oct., attacks Rebels on 13th, and, after heavy loss and great

difficulty, they are driven away. The action took place on road south of Wokong.

14th Oct.—Jones and forty of his rebel companions, including Porter and the notorious Barclay de Tolly, came out and surrendered to G. Burgevine comes out on 17th Oct. Europeans left under Smith and orders. Great relief to G. (Gordon) and the beleaguered forces.

23rd Oct.—G. attacks by surprise Wulangchiaou, in pursuance of his former plan of blocking up all the exits from Soochow and forcing dissensions now known to exist. Chung Wang attacks Wulangchiaou and nearly captured outposts in village close by on the 24th Oct.

Rebels of Kashung-fu attack Wokong again, and are driven back by Kirkham (an English officer) and Moffatt (a surgeon in the British army) on the 26th Oct., with loss of 1,500 men and 1,200 boats. This was owing to the presence of the *Hyson* steamer, who did it all.

G. leaves garrison at Wulangchiaou, and, sweeping round, captures Leeku on north side, losing slightly. The Rebels fought well. Captain Perry shot at the south side of the village. Very brave fellow. G. pushes on and takes Wanti, after a severe struggle, in which the Rebels fought well and suffered much. Major Gibb killed. Very brave man. G.'s force, with whom was Ching (a general in the Imperial army).

The capture of Wanti put Gordon's (the second time he writes his name in full) force in communication with that of Li Futai's brother, whose men were at Tajow-ku. Thus his right was at Wanti, and his force, with that of Ching's and Bonnefois', swept round the north of the city to the east, thence to the south and west by the lake, leaving the only route open to the Rebels—that by the Grand Canal. (Here is a sketch plan showing the above strategical movement which united the forces of the Imperialists and Franco-Chinese contingent with Gordon's disciplined force.) Capture of Wanti completed junction of two armies.

G. determined to cut Grand Canal road, and was just starting to do so when (news came) that the *Firefly* (a small steamer) was seized by pirates, Linday and some others, in Shanghai Harbour on 14th November, 1863. This obliged G. to be quick, and forced him to cut the canal at once, which he did at Fusai-kwan by the capture without loss of five stockades. This place is well noted as the spot where the Governor-General (of Kiang-soo) committed suicide in advance of Rebels in 1860. Although most important, it was shamefully deserted after a sharp skirmish in the hills.

19th November, 1863.—G. left for the East Gate of Soochow, where his siege artillery was waiting him. All the exterior defences of the city had now been captured, but a small mountain path was open to the Rebels for escape, and the prisoners gave daily accounts of the dissensions in the city. But no time was to be lost, for the *Firefly*, with its unhappy captain, Dollie, and three others, who were taken prisoners, was with the Rebels. So G. determined to attack the city at the N.E. angle. It was, however, necessary to take the inner line of exterior defences, which

were very formidable. Accordingly G. made a night attack on the 27th November, which was repulsed by Rebels with very heavy loss to Gordon, who then got his siege-guns into action and captured the works on the 29th November, after a severe struggle, thus leaving his way to the city wall open. The Mow Wang (the Rebel chief in command of the Soochow insurgents) would not surrender, and was assassinated in his own palace, and the other Wangs gave over the city, 4th December, 1863. They were assassinated by Li Futai (the mandarin who promised Gordon to save their lives) on 5th December on south bank of canal going from Soochow to Quinsan. (Note on margin of page) This is no place to go into the Wangs affair; *vide* Blue Books for account of what is correct in Hart's (Inspector-General of Customs in Chinese Service) letter; *vide* "Printed List of Engagements" (this list comprises all the actions against the Taiping Rebels, numbering a total of 73, in which Gordon and force count for 22; the remainder undertaken by Ward, the American killed—British and French admirals, Admiral Hope wounded—General Stavely and force, Captain Roderick Dew, with H.M.S. Encounter and naval force, Burgevine and Ward's force, Major Holland, and Chinese troops who were defeated, etc.), and *cities which surrendered after treachery at Soochow*. (This deed caused Gordon to resign his command, but he was induced to resume it to prevent further anarchy.)

The force returned to Quinsan, which was made headquarters, and remained there during the winter of 1863. Started in snow and hail on the 19th February, 1864. Marched to Wusieh. Camped near pagoda outside city, at the foot of which the bodies of Firefly officers were found. On the 29th February (leap year) attacked stockades of East and South Gates of Yesing. Captured them with severe loss to Rebels, who evacuated the city on the 1st March. The force proceeds towards Liyang; takes stockades at Huchiaou, and receive surrender of Liyang. March 9th—20,000 are here surrendered. The place very strong and well provisioned. *The Hour Glass broken.*

Pao-Cheau now liberated with 15,000 men, and goes towards Nankin. He had been at the post of ruling Liyang for two years, and was surprised at our march. G. (Gordon) starts with 1,000 men to capture Kintang, expecting a surrender. Puts guns in position at South Gate. Breaches and attacks. Rebels very quiet till moment of assault, when they show out strong.

March 21st.—Repulse attack with great loss to us, who fall back. Receive news that Rebels have broken out of Changchou Fu, and advancing

on Quinsan. Only two hundred men there. G. (Gordon) goes back. Falls on Rebels' rear near Kwangyu, managing one hundred and fifty miles in two days, and draws their attention off.

March 31st.—Owing to a blunder near Waisso the Rebels gain victory with their cavalry and killed three hundred men and some officers. Squares against cavalry very good to drill at, but better to make use of. If the men had formed square no danger. G. gets more men up and attacks Waisso. Drives Rebels out, and 3,000 of them get killed by people and Imperialists. G. marches on Chanchu-fu. In the meantime were attacked at Hangchow, and repulsed two assaults on the 9th March of the Franco-Chinese troops under D'Aiguebelle, who for some very wise reason, only known to himself, made his breach at a gate so as to breach two walls instead of one (*vide* Hangchow). The Chinese say that fall of Kushing-fu caused fall of Hangchow on 21st March. Politeness to allies would say differently.

23rd April, 1864.—G. takes with assistance of Imperialists stockades off West Gate of Chanchu-fu, with little loss. Breaches city wall near South Gate on 27th April. Assaults twice, is repulsed with loss, and then sets to work to make engineer approaches. Kintang surrenders 25th April, leaving Chanchu-fu, Taijan, and Nanking the only towns in the upper part of the *Hour Glass*, and Wuchu-fu and Changching the only towns in the lower part of the *Hour Glass*.

The trenches being ready the breach is again opened on 11th May, and the place captured with but little loss. The force returns to Quinsan. Is paid off and broken up. Taijan surrenders on 13th May, and Nanking (long the rebel headquarters) on 17th July. Wuchufu is evacuated in August. Shih Wang and refugees from other places go down to Kiangsu, and thence to Amoy neighbourhood.

FINALE.—To Sir James Hope, Admiral, and Captain Dew, suppression of rebellion is *due*—not half enough credit given to the latter.

Thus far we have Gordon's outline journal. The modest estimate of his own share in ending the rebellion is characteristic of him. But history will record, what the Chinese Imperial Government at the time recognised, that to him was mainly due the safety of the empire, and the restoration of peace and order, after so many years of civil war and insurrection. He was made a mandarin of the highest order in the service of the Emperor, but he refused all pecuniary reward or recompence, and left China a poorer man than he entered it. Among his many titles and honours the one by which his name will be most distinguished in history will be that of "Chinese Gordon."

these were discovered to be Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, West Cheap, and Charing.* Only three of these beautiful and deeply-interesting memorial crosses now remain—namely, those of Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham; and so varied is the design of each that they are supposed to be the work of different architects. Thus Geddington, on account of its Spanish style of architecture, is believed to be the workmanship of one of the queen's own countrymen. This elegant structure—pronounced to be the most graceful of the three remaining crosses—is erected over a stream of clear water which never runs dry.

From Geddington the procession went on to Northampton, which ancient and important town it reached on the 9th December.

The cross erected there is octagonal in form, and stands on a wayside eminence on the London road, near to De la Pré Abbey, and about a mile south of Northampton. The spot is supposed to be the site of a Roman encampment, several silver coins of the Roman emperors having been found in one of the adjoining fields. The Northampton cross is beautiful in design and was the work of the architect who constructed the crosses at Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Albans. His name was John de Bello, or de la Bataille. Its top has unfortunately been broken off, but Mr. Rimmer supposes that from its general formation the shaft ended probably in light pierced gables with pinnacles between, and from this the cross started. He goes on to say that the plans of the crosses at Geddington and Northampton in their various angles offer a contrast of design to the one at Waltham, which is hexagonal, so that the three crosses left to us are all of different plans, and differ even to the number of their sides.

Assuming an equal sum to have been paid for the whole, the cost of this cross would be £134. This, however, would not include the statues. These were the work of William de Ireland, who received 5 marks for each.

In the north chapel of Gayton Church there is an effigy which Baker attributes to Sébastien de Meaux. The resemblance in style and execution to the statues on the queen's cross induces that historian to suppose it to belong to the same school of art.

At the same time that this cross was erected to the memory of the devoted Eleanor, a charge of £40, or 60 marks, was made for the laying down a pavement or causeway from Northampton to the cross. The construction of causeways was accounted in these days an act of piety.

At the south-west corner of the churchyard belonging to the church of St. Sepulchre, in Northampton, built into the wall of a cottage, is a crucifix, apparently the top of a cross. There are marks of a bullet in it. "Could this," asks the writer, "have originally formed the apex of the queen's cross?"

From Northampton the cortège proceeded to Stony Stratford, and from thence to Dunstable, where the corpse was deposited at the Priory. "Upon this occasion two bawdekins or precious cloths were given to the convent, and one hundred and twenty pounds' weight of wax. As the procession passed through the town the bier stopped in the middle of the market-place, whilst a proper spot was marked out by the Chancellor and the nobility attending for the erection of a cross, the Prior of the convent assisting at the ceremony, and sprinkling the ground with holy water. This cross was a most elaborate and beautiful monument, adorned with statues of King Edward, and the arms of England, Castile, and Pouthieu."

The stately and highly venerated abbey of St. Albans was the next resting-place of the funeral procession; and then Waltham Abbey, where Eleanor's corpse remained for the night.

On an old print of this frequently-copied cross, dated 1718, is the following inscription: "Waltham Cross here represented to the North East, was one of the crosses erected by Edward I about ye year 1291, in memory of his consort Queen Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III, King of Castile and Leon, whose arms are cut at the lower part of the cross, as are those of ye Countess of Pouthieu, her mother, and also of England." In another print of apparently the same date there occurs the following: "In memory of Queen Eleanor, the beloved wife of that glorious monarch, who accompanied him to the Holy Land, where her royal husband being stabbed with a poisoned dagger by a Saracan, and the rank wound judged incurable by his physician, she, full of love, care, and affection, adventured her own life to save his, by sucking out the substance of the poison, that the wound being closed and cicatrised, he became perfectly healed."

The cross erected at Cheapside by the orders of Edward fell to decay and was replaced by another in 1486. Charing was the last stage where the body rested. Of the twelve crosses erected by Edward in memory of his Eleanor, that of Charing is the most frequently made mention of by the inhabitants of the metropolis, who when using it "unconsciously pay a tribute to the memory of Edward's beloved Queen—the words Charing Cross signifying the 'dear Queen's Cross.'"

The sad procession set out from Grantham on the 4th of December, and arrived at Westminster on the 17th of that month. After leaving Stamford the ordinary route was abandoned in order that some of the religious houses might be visited. After the magnificent abbey church of St. Albans had been so honoured, Edward hastened on to London. He afterwards met the procession on its entrance into the City. The principal citizens of London headed by their magistrates came several miles on the north road to meet the royal corpse. The hearse rested previously to its admission into Westminster Abbey at the spot occupied by the statue of Charles I.

The good Queen Eleanor was laid to rest at the feet of her father-in-law. Her graceful statue

* The beautiful monument erected at Dunrobin in memory of the late lamented Duchess of Sutherland is in the form of a Queen Eleanor's Cross.

reclining on an altar-shaped tomb was cast in bronze by the celebrated artist Pietro Cavallani, who built his furnace for the casting of it in St. Margaret's churchyard.

The royal widower endowed the abbey of Westminster with many valuable gifts for the performance of dirges and the offering up of masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased Queen; and wax lights perpetually burned around her tomb till the Reformation extinguished them three hundred years afterwards, and also deprived the abbey of the funds requisite to keep them alight.

The cross erected at Northampton having of late years been allowed to fall into a sadly ruinous state, the members of the Northamptonshire Architectural Society have interested themselves in the matter, and, according to the "Morning Post" of December last, "her Majesty the Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, has intimated to Mr. R. G. Scriven, of Castle Ashley, her intention to subscribe £25 to the fund for the restoration of Queen Eleanor's Cross, a monument of much historical interest and value on the London Road, near Northampton."

THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NEALE, LATE BRITISH CHAPLAIN AT BATAVIA.

I.

IT is proposed in the following papers to give an account of the terrible volcanic eruption in the Straits of Soenda which occurred in August, 1883, from the pen of one who was on the spot at the time.

The Dutch Island of Java has always been famous for its volcanoes and the frequency of their outbursts. With the exception of Japan, there is no other portion of the world where so many of these fiery monsters are to be found gathered together in so small a compass. Java is a long narrow island, situate six degrees south of the Equator, and although its area is only that of Ireland, it is the unfortunate possessor of more than forty volcanoes. Of course the greater part of these are extinct or inactive, but still there are about a dozen which are liable at any moment to break out afresh in their work of destruction. Running from east to west through the centre of the island is a lofty range of mountains, in many places as much as 10,000 feet above the ocean level. In several parts of this great range, which really forms the backbone of Java, are the volcanic craters which at various periods have been actively at work pouring forth torrents of mud and lava, and devastating the adjacent country for many miles. In the historical records of the island, which I have carefully searched and translated from the Dutch, it would seem that Java has never been free from these outbreaks. One of the earliest on record is the destruction of a Portuguese settlement, as far back as 1586, and every few years has brought a similar catastrophe.

In addition to the mountains in Java itself, there are several adjacent islands upon which volcanoes rise to a still greater height. Those who have travelled by the Queensland mail steamers will not easily forget the beautiful sight presented by the tropical islands of Lombok and Bali, with the lofty volcanic peak on each, richly clad in verdure even to its very summit, and the higher of the two rising more than thirteen thousand feet.

The straits between these islands are both beautiful in the extreme, but the less frequented route through the Strait of Lombok certainly

deserves the palm. The navigation there is difficult and dangerous, but I once had the good fortune to sail through it, in a small brigantine, and the sight was not one to be easily forgotten. Rising majestically from the water's edge, towering grandly up to an immense height, rose a perfect conical-shaped mountain, its green sloping sides being one dense mass of tropical vegetation and pathless jungle—the undisturbed abode of tigers and other wild animals. Seen by moonlight, as I saw it on that occasion, from the deck of a vessel, hugging the shore, Bali Peak is something to be remembered.

At the opposite end of Java, on the western shore, in the busy Strait of Soenda, is another island somewhat similar to Bali, called Krakatoa, famous now for the great eruption which took place there in 1883. A volcano at rest is one thing, but a volcano at work is a very different sight, as the following description will soon show. The Krakatoa eruption was by no means an ordinary occurrence, even in Java, where such outbursts are so frequent; and as one of the few English who were living in the neighbourhood at the time I wish to place on record some of the facts connected with the event. Although months have gone by since it occurred, I do not think an eyewitness's account of a catastrophe which swept away in a few moments, with scarcely any warning, some 50,000 souls, as well as destroyed a large territory, can yet be quite devoid of interest.

Krakatoa is a small island about thirty miles from the western shore of Java, and about midway in the strait which separates that country from Sumatra. It is uninhabited, and little is known about the place, except by the few Malays who sail across to its lonely shore in their sampans or fishing boats. Rising rapidly from the shore of this sea-girt isle is the famous volcano of the same name, more than 800 Dutch metres in height, or according to English measurement, about 2,674 feet.

For many years there had been no eruption or volcanic disturbance on the island, and at one time there did not seem much prospect of its ever

again being classed among volcanoes at work. But the old proverb about appearances being deceptive proved just as true in Netherlands-India as in more civilised regions. For suddenly, in May, 1883, the dormant volcano roused itself from its long sleep and began to belch forth fire and smoke. On that occasion no damage was done. The spectacle was regarded by the Dutch as a curiosity, and an agreeable excursion was made to the island by one of the mail steamers trading in the Java sea.

This first outburst ended in smoke, but it was a later one which caused the terrible sacrifice of human life. It seemed as if the short-lived notoriety Krakatoa had already gained were not enough, for in a few months came one of the most awful eruptions of modern times.

Sunday, August 26, 1883, was the fatal day on which the work of destruction began, but the most deadly effects were reserved for the following morning. In order not to anticipate, we will confine ourselves at first to what took place at Batavia on that memorable Sunday.

The Dutch capital is scarcely less than ninety miles from the scene of the eruption, and this fact should be kept in mind, as it makes the occurrences about to be recorded all the more remarkable, on account of the distance which intervened. On the day in question everything was much as usual in Batavia. The fierce rays of a tropical sun were beating down upon the busy streets of the city, which always bear an Oriental appearance. It was near the close of the period of the year known as the dry monsoon, and the parched ground and dusty streets told how much rain was needed. For six months at a time, that is from April to October, scarcely any rain ever falls, and in a country such as Java, notorious for its unhealthy climate and damp unwholesome heat, the commencement of the wet monsoon is always a welcome period. On this Sunday afternoon, therefore, when a distant rumbling noise like thunder was heard in the city, it was generally thought that the first tropical storm of the season was coming earlier than usual. But on examining the sky, strangely enough, all was bright and cloudless, with no sign of an approaching storm. But soon the rumbling noise increased, distant reports were heard as of heavy guns being fired at a distance, and the people in Batavia quickly became aware of the unwelcome fact that something more startling was taking place around them than a mere thunderstorm. "What can it be?" was the oft-repeated question as the Europeans, that evening, took their usual stroll at sunset under the lovely tamarind avenues which encircle the Konings Plein, the favourite promenade of Batavian citizens, and on all sides was heard the unanimous opinion "that it was another of our volcanoes at work."

When the sun went down and darkness came on the reports, became more loud and distinct, and anxiety increased as to what might happen.

So far no one had for a moment dreamt of distant Krakatoa being the culprit. It was too far away even to be suspected, and the general impression was that one of the adjacent mountains,

such as Gedeh or Salak, the nearest volcanoes to Batavia, must be the scene of the disturbance.

As the evening passed by matters grew worse. Louder and more threatening became the distant thundering reports, and at times distinct shocks of explosions could be heard shaking the houses to their very foundations. At eight p.m., when the night gun is always fired from one of the Government forts, the report was so faint as scarcely to be heard, being drowned in the din of the atmospheric disturbances. Throughout the night matters continued much the same. Sleep was out of the question, and the long weary hours of night were spent by many a resident in anxiously watching the course events might take. At one time it was fancied that an earthquake—a by no means uncommon event in Java—was imminent, and many a cautious householder retired from the precincts of a house which he feared at any moment might fall and crush him. An English lady told me afterwards how she had carried her little children into the open air and had kept them outside the house all night. In some parts of the city the walls of the houses shook and quivered so ominously, as shock succeeded shock, that a general rush was made outside.

The streets and houses presented a strange appearance. Many a portly Dutchman could be seen strolling about the streets, in the hope of finding greater safety than in his own dwelling. Whole families of women and children again were huddled together beneath the tropical trees and shrubs in their gardens, whilst others paced with anxious steps the wide marble verandahs surrounding their houses, ready to rush forth at the slightest sign of coming destruction.

Wearily the hours of night dragged on. About 2 a.m., after an explosive shock more severe than the rest, the alarming discovery was made that the gas in Batavia had been affected. In some quarters of the city the street lamps for a considerable distance were suddenly quenched, and in many private houses the gas was also extinguished. The anxiety was naturally increased by the darkness, and it may easily be imagined how eagerly the first ray of morning light was looked for. At last it came—the day which was to bring death and destruction to many thousand homes in Java. But how unlike the usual tropical day it was. There was no bright dazzling sunshine to scatter away the dark shadows and gloomy forebodings of the previous night. A dull heavy leaden sky, completely obscuring the sun, was all that could be seen. The morning also was comparatively cold—a noticeable fact in a trying climate, which seldom varies day or night throughout the whole year more than 10 or 12 degrees. The average temperature in Batavia is about 75 degrees at night, and 85 degrees by day, but then it must be remembered that the Java heat is moist and damp, and consequently much more unhealthy and injurious than an increased range of the thermometer in a drier climate. On this occasion the glass fell to 65 degrees in the shade, a fact unknown before in the meteorological annals of the city.

It was a cold dull morning then as the work of

the busy Batavian day commenced. The shocks which had caused so much dismay and terror in the night were now less frequent and more indistinct. Business was beginning as usual. Crowds of natives were wending their way citywards on foot. Steam trams filled with clerks and officials bore their living freight from the various suburbs. Merchants in private carriages, or *dos à dos* (as the public two-wheeled conveyances are called), were rapidly driving to their handsome offices in the Kali-Besar or chief business centre in Batavia. All were eagerly discussing the previous night's events, and all sanguine that the worst was over. Nothing, all this time, was definitely known as to which volcano had been the cause of so much alarm. Of course vague surmises were common enough, but still no one thought of looking as much as ninety miles away for the scene of the disturbance.

But in the course of the morning, when all were congratulating themselves that matters were no worse, a marked change began in the aspect of affairs. The sky became darker and more threatening, and after a time a peculiar rain of ashes began to fall. This was of a grey colour, and soon the ground and streets were covered with it. For several hours there was a gentle fall—at one time coarse and large as a pin's head, at another as thin and fine as dust. Some of each kind I have now in my possession, taken up from one of the suburbs of Batavia shortly after it fell. Both kinds were submitted to a Dutch analyst for examination, and to him I am indebted for the names of the component parts. He tells me that the two showers were identical except that the second fall of ash was much finer than the first. It consisted principally of siliceous sand, with sulphur-*ret* of iron, phosphates and silicates of lime and magnesium, while the whole had a strong sulphuric smell.

While this rain of ash continued thick darkness enveloped the city. Traffic and business were suspended. Gas was lighted everywhere in the hope that the darkness would soon pass off, but still it continued for several hours. The abject terror of the poor natives, cowering down in the most helpless way, was quite a sight to behold. These followers of Mohammed, clinging tenaciously to their fatalistic creed, calmly said, "It is Allah," and resigned themselves to their fate. In times of difficulty and danger the natives of Java, and indeed the whole of the Malay archipelago, are some of the most helpless and useless people under the sun.

The Chinese, on the other hand, took a very different view of matters. Unfettered by any fatalistic notions, they plainly showed their belief that while there is life there is hope. Whether this is one of the moral sayings of Confucius I know not, but, with all their faults, the Chinese are certainly a practical and painstaking race. On this occasion they accordingly gathered together all their valuables and cleared out of the city with as much dispatch as possible. There are twenty-five thousand of them in Batavia alone, and a large proportion of these soon beat a hasty retreat. Some made for the railway station en

route for the interior of the island; some took to their boats on the canal, and many crowded themselves into their gaily-painted vehicles known as *ka-hars*, and drove away as fast as two Sandalwood ponies would carry them.

The Europeans also thought it wiser to suspend business on account of the darkness and to leave the city for their suburban homes. The buildings which they use in Batavia for offices are very old, and though roomy and convenient for their purpose they would easily be overthrown in the event of an earthquake. About noon, therefore, on that eventful Monday (August 27) there was a steady outpour of merchants from Batavia, and the city was soon wearing a deserted appearance. It was well that it did so, for a more startling event had yet to come.

Suddenly, without any warning, a tidal wave (caused, as we shall afterwards see, by the disturbances and upheaval of the island of Krakatoa) made itself felt in the city. The Dutch capital has no harbour, and the only approach to it is by a long canal nearly two miles in length, lined on either side by massive brick walls. In this channel, leading from the roadstead to the city wharves, the water rose at an alarming rate and burst over the adjoining land. This was the first intimation at Batavia of the terrible wave which (as we discovered later on) was the messenger of death to so many thousand inhabitants on the western shores of Java. Its effects in the city were quite bad enough. Although this great torrent of water had travelled nearly ninety miles it dashed up the Batavian canal with great power. In spite of distance, its fury was not then fully spent. In the streets of the capital, adjoining the canals and wharves, the water rose to a depth of several feet, and the people had to run for their lives. Not long afterwards I steamed down the canal in a launch, and saw the destruction which had been caused. In several places the massive brickwork lining the sides had been swept away, leaving huge gaps in the masonry of many feet. The surrounding country also had been seriously inundated, great pools of water being visible everywhere. Fortunately the loss of life in Batavia was very small, and must have been confined to the natives who are always to be found along the banks of the canal. A little village on the coast, a short drive from the capital, was less fortunate, however. There was nothing there, to break the force of the rushing waters as they dashed in all their fury on the northern shore of the island, and the country round being very flat, a serious loss of life occurred. The huge tidal wave broke over the native *kampong* (or village), and several hundred bodies were subsequently reported by the Government Resident of the district to be lying dead in the market-place.

Such were the events in the city of Batavia and its suburbs on that memorable Monday. As soon as the wave had spent its fury on the coast, the worst was over. The shower of ashes ceased, and the darkness cleared off. Weaker and weaker grew the distant shocks, and at last they died away altogether. Traffic was once more resumed along the ash-strewn streets, which now had a

grey coating some three or four inches in depth. On all sides trees were to be seen with broken branches, weighed down and snapped off, by the great pressure of the ashes which had rested upon them. The fowls which had gone to roost at midday, when the darkness was at its worst, again came forth to begin their day a second time.

An air of thankfulness pervaded all classes. There was a dim foreboding that a terrible calamity had occurred in some part of Java, and the anxiety was universal. All, however, was wrapped in obscurity, for the telegraph wires were broken and no information could be had. And it was not till some considerable time after that the startling news reached Batavia telling how an immense volcanic wave more than a hundred feet in height had devastated the whole north-western

coast, sweeping away entirely Anjer and several other towns, and engulfing quite 50,000 people in a watery grave.

We could scarcely believe in the city the terrible tidings of events which had happened so near to us. The towns destroyed were sixty miles distant from Batavia, and Krakatoa itself ninety miles, so that the volcanic wave must have travelled nearly thirty miles before it burst upon the shore and did its deadly work.

In subsequent papers I shall tell more of what took place on those two days in August on the Java coast, and describe as well a visit I made shortly afterwards to the ruined towns and villages. Such a scene of havoc and desolation it rarely falls to the lot of any one to witness, and once seen such a sight can never be forgotten.

STORY-TELLING IN ALL AGES.

III.

WE have seen that popular story-telling has depended in all ages on its connection with music and song; to almost the same extent has it been associated with the dramatic art. A flexible voice and expressive action are essentials in good story-telling. Very natural is it, therefore, for the art to develop in both directions, and to end in such a drama as that of the Elizabethan age. But before popular story-telling could produce a Shakespeare it went through some singular evolutions. The Mystery, or Miracle Play, is the link between the individual story-teller and the drama in every country in Christendom.

Miracle plays were utilisations by the church for religious ends of the faculty for story-telling so strong in certain races and certain men. The actors in these entertainments were at first the clergy and the choristers, afterwards any layman might take a part. The first miracle play performed in England took place at Dunstable, towards the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century.

Mystery plays were as popular in France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, as in England. In Paris the Confrérie de la Passion had a monopoly for their performance, and each play was so long that its exhibition took several days. In the Alpine districts of Germany they were composed and acted by the peasants, and were often interspersed with songs and processions.

When Whitfield visited Lisbon on his way to America in 1754, he saw what was evidently one of these mysteries acted. The subject represented was the Crucifixion. The details, as given in the "Life and Times of John Wesley," by Tyerman, are grotesque in the extreme, and Whitfield must, without doubt, have been much shocked at its apparent profanity.

Miracle plays have almost died out. In Austria and Bavaria they were directly suppressed by ecclesiastical authority. However, there are at

least two survivals—one, as is well known, in Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Highlands, the other among the Basques, in the south of France. The former was allowed to continue because it was the result of a vow made by the people out of gratitude for the cessation of a plague to perform every tenth year the Passion of our Saviour.

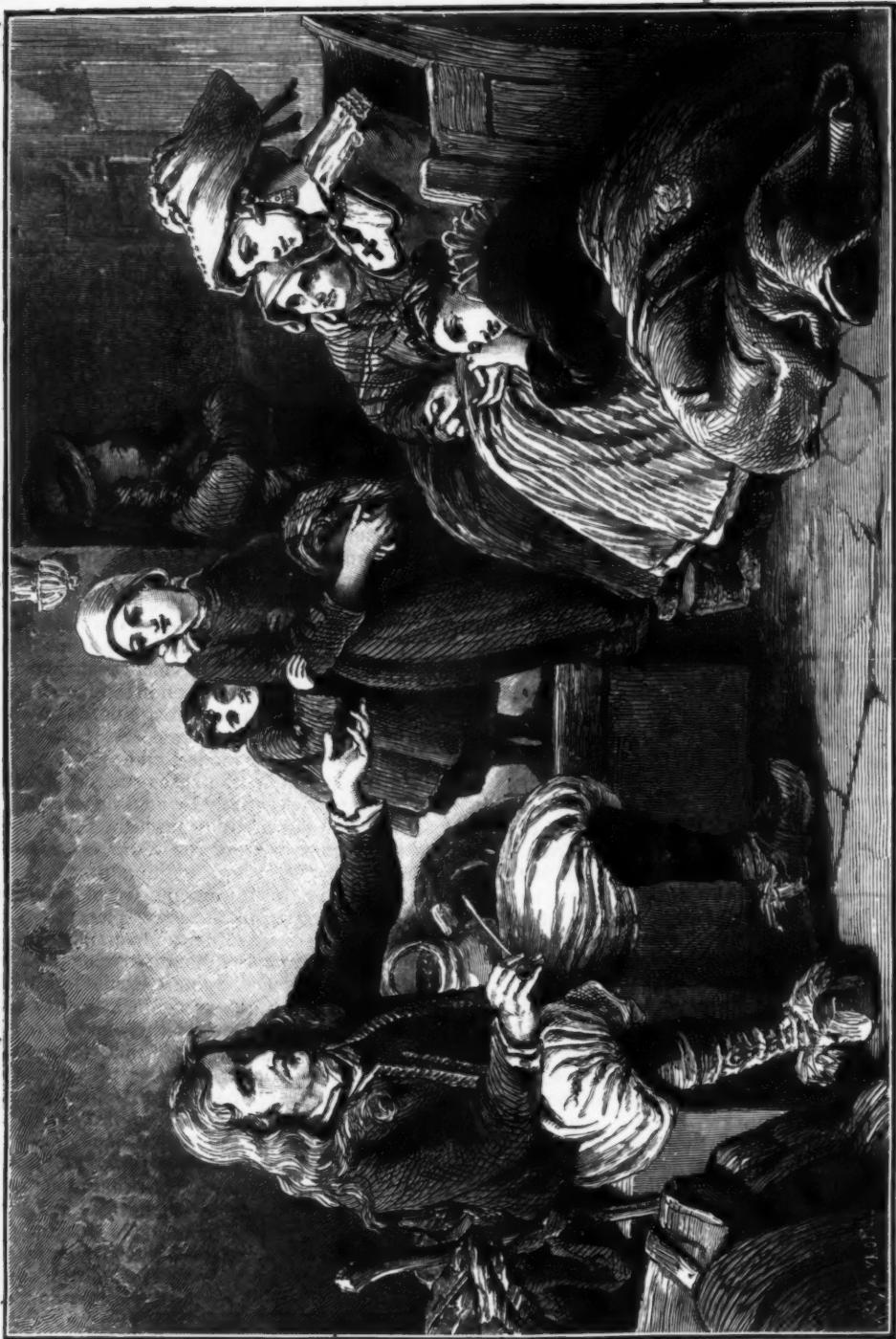
The Rev. Wentworth Webster, in his "Basque Legends," says that the mediæval Mystery, or Miracle Play, still lingers on in the Basque country under the name of the *Pastorale*. In 1879 he witnessed a girls' *pastorale*, St. Hélène. The costumes were very modest and pretty.

In the *pastorale* the sexes are never mingled, it being played entirely by men or women. The subjects are drawn either from the Bible, the lives of the saints, or from the *chansons de geste* and romances of chivalry. The performance takes place in the open air, and is of interminable length, admitting in the same piece tragedy and comedy, music, dancing, and opera. The stage is generally formed of boards resting on inverted barrels and placed against some house in the *Place*. Some sheets suspended from crossbars form the background. To this bunches of flowers and flags are added, and this forms all the scenery.

The actors are the villagers themselves. To get up a *pastorale* takes a whole winter. It is done in the family, the parents sometimes taking the task of instructing the boys who take the female parts. When we learn that many of these *pastorales* extend from three to seven thousand lines, and remember that prior to the present generation few of these villagers could read or write, we may form some idea of the immense interest they must have in these entertainments to render so many willing to give the time and diligence necessary to their preparation. Moreover, these *pastorales* are seldom acted for money. During the play a glass of wine is handed to each spectator, who in return is expected to place a

From a Drawing by Emily Marrow.

STORY-TELLING IN BRITTANY.



coin in the plate, but the money thus collected scarcely does more than cover the necessary expenses.

If it is surprising that miracle plays did not shock by their profanity, it is still more difficult to conceive how sensible men endured the rhetorical platitudes poured forth by reciters in another class of religious plays, called *Moralities*.

Imagine William the Taciturn in the very midst of his struggle in the Netherlands compelled by the Ghent guild of rhetoric, calling itself "Jesus with the Balsam flower," to witness in the Jacob's church a long allegorical drama, entitled "Judas Maccabæus," in which the Hebrew patriot was attended by the three estates of the Netherlands personified by a single individual who wore the velvet bonnet of a noble, the cassock of a priest, and the breeches of a burgher; and surrounded not only by all the virtues and the vices, but by special local manifestations of goodness and wickedness. The Inquisition appeared as a lean and hungry hag, while the "Ghent Pacification" was dressed in cramoisy satin, with Catholicism and Protestantism tied to her apron-strings, the interesting twins being united by a chain of seventeen links, representing the seventeen provinces, which chain Ghent Pacification was forging on an anvil. Under the anvil was Discord engaged in eating his own heart. After endless rhymed dialogues filled with marvellous strange conceits and quibbles, the climax came when the "Ghent Peace" stepped forward leading a lion and presented the Netherlands Maccabæus with a heart of pure gold on which was inscribed the word *Sinceritas*.

But the peculiar fact we have wished to bring out is that popular story-telling, if not born in the temple, is its cherished child. Any one who will take the trouble to read the authentic explanation of the Mass, will find that it is itself a miracle play of the highest type. It is the acted story of Redemption, the celebrant representing both priest and victim. Thus it is the successor of the ancient mysteries which were in their time acted stories taken from heathen mythology.

It is suggestive to find the same kind of thing going on in our own day at the other end of the world in connection with a religion affording many analogies to Roman Catholicism, but followed by a far larger number of votaries. An American clergyman, fourteen years a missionary, the Rev. Justus Doolittle, in his "Social Manners of the Chinese," tells us that the Chinese are not only devotedly attached to theatrical representations, but use them for religious purposes.

There are no buildings specially erected for theatrical purposes in China, but every temple has a stage erected in a convenient part, where plays are often acted. These representations, Mr. Doolittle thinks, are acts of worship, for they are often connected with rendering thanks to the gods for favours believed to have been received, and the birthdays of the gods are invariably celebrated by plays being performed before their images. Private individuals often employ actors to perform in the temples in consequence of some vow that they have made.

These entertainments are perfectly free; any one who pleases may enter and enjoy them. The subject of the plays generally relates to ancient times, and the actors wear masks and the dresses supposed to have been worn at the period. The entertainment is attended by abundance of music and much beating of gongs.

It is evident, however, that play-acting is not regarded as in itself intrinsically religious, as it goes on every evening in the streets of the Chinese cities on platforms erected for the purpose. The actors form bands of from ten to a hundred persons, mostly boys. The female parts are always played by boys, just as was the case among the Basques. These entertainments often take place in private in rich people's houses, and are kept up for days together.

They are traced back to a certain emperor of the Tang dynasty (620—906 A.D.), who is said to have been a composer of theatrical ballads. The image of this emperor represents the tutelary divinity of the Chinese actor.

No doubt this emperor was a student of the Chi-King, or Book of Songs, which more than six centuries before the Christian era was collected by former emperors from all parts of the country. It is only in a land where all the institutions are founded in the cultivation of the literary element in man that the idea would have occurred that it was the business of the Government to collect the songs of the people and form them into a book having a national and sacred character.

But in so doing the Chinese ruler was wiser than most since; he looked for the true life of the people in the songs and stories it most loved, certain that its thoughts thus expressed would exhibit the national genius in a manner impossible to histories written to strengthen the power of dynasties or classes, or to feed the worst forms of national vanity.

In one of the Indian stories which are kindred to our own Cinderella, the heroine is born with a golden necklace, which contains the secret influence by which she lives. The songs and stories of a people are like the golden beads round the neck of Sodewa Bai, they contain its soul.

Few have better known how to use story-telling for moral purposes than an order of preachers quite outside all western influences, pagan or Christian. I allude to the Japanese preachers, and it must be confessed that if the specimens of their works given in the delightful book, Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," be not altogether exceptional, that there are many more disagreeable things in the world than listening to Japanese sermons. Those given by Mitford are taken from the "Kiu-ô Dô-wa," being written by a priest belonging to the Shingaku sect, a sect professing to combine all that is excellent in the Buddhist, Confucian, and Shin Tô teaching. But it is impossible to convey any idea of their appositeness and humour without troubling the reader with a few extracts.

Having taken a text from one of the Chinese classical books, the preacher proceeds: "A long

time ago there lived at Kiyôto a great physician called Imaôji—I forget his other name; he was a very famous man. Once upon a time a man from a place called Kuramaguchi advertised for sale a medicine which he had compounded against the cholera, and got Imaôji to write a puff for him. Imaôji, instead of calling the medicine in the puff a specific against the cholera, misspelt the word cholera so as to make it simpler. When the man who had employed him went and taxed him with this, and asked him why he had done so, he answered, with a smile, 'As Kuramaguchi is an approach to the capital from the country, the passers-by are but poor peasants and woodmen from the hills: if I had written "cholera" at length they would have been puzzled by it; so I wrote it in a simple way that should pass current with every one. Truth itself loses its value if people don't understand it. What does it signify how I spelt the word cholera, so long as the efficacy of the medicine is unimpaired?' Now, was not that delightful? In the same way the doctrines of the sages are mere gibberish to women and children who cannot understand them. Now, my sermons are not written for the learned: I address myself to farmers and tradesmen who, hard pressed by their daily business, have no time for study. With the wish to make known to them the teachings of the sages and carrying out the ideas of my teacher, I will make my meaning pretty plain by bringing forward examples and quaint stories. Thus by blending together the doctrines of the Shintô, Buddhist, and other schools, we shall arrive at something near the true principle of things. Now, positively, you must not laugh if I introduce a light story now and then. Levity is not my object: I only want to put things in a plain and easy manner."

Having discoursed for a little time on his theme that righteousness consists in obedience to "the original heart of man," by which term he evidently means "the conscience," he warns his hearers that the path of duty will, however, be missed unless they pay great attention to the impulses of the original heart.

Then, after touching on various practical and domestic points, he relates a very comical fable of two frogs who saw nothing rightly because when they stood on tiptoe they looked behind them instead of in front, and when they went more humbly on all-fours their eyes were ambitiously turned upward.

Which little fable leads him to some stern reflections on the stupid want of foresight shown by persons, whose whole idea of security lies in the possession of property, and who are never tired of boasting of *my* warehouse, *my* house, *my* farm, *my* daughter, *my* wife, hawking about this *my* of theirs like pedlars, but who when trouble and war

come into the world are, for all their vaingloriousness, as helpless as turtles.

"With regard to the danger of too great reliance," he continues, "I have a little tale to tell you. Be so good as to wake up from your drowsiness and listen attentively.

"There is a certain powerful shellfish, called the *sazazé*, with a very strong operculum. Now this creature, if it hears that there is any danger astir, shuts up its shell from within with a loud noise, and thinks itself perfectly safe. One day a *tai* and another fish, lost in envy at this, said,

"What a strong castle this is of yours, Mr. *Sazazé*! When you shut up your lid from within nobody can so much as point a finger at you. A capital figure you make, sir!"

"When he heard this, the *sazazé*, stroking his beard, replied,

"Well, gentlemen, although you are so good as to say so, it's nothing to boast of in the way of safety; yet I must admit that when I shut myself up thus I do not feel much anxiety."

"And as he was speaking thus, with the pride that apes humility, there came the noise of a great splash, and the shellfish, shutting up his lid as quickly as possible, kept quite still and thought to himself what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? Could it be a fish-hook? What a bore it was always having to keep such a sharp look-out! Were the *tai* and the other fish caught, he wondered, and he felt quite anxious about them; however, at any rate, he was safe. And so the time passed, and when he thought all was safe he stealthily opened his shell and slipped out his head and looked all round him, and there seemed to be something wrong—something with which he was not familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fishmonger's shop, and with a card marked 'Sixteen cash' on his back!"

"Isn't that a funny story? And so, at one fell swoop, all your boasted wealth of houses and warehouses, and cleverness and talent, and rank and power, are taken away. Poor shellfish! I think there are some people not unlike them to be found in China and India. How little self is to be depended upon! There is a moral poem which says, 'It is easier to ascend to the cloudy heaven without a ladder than to depend entirely on oneself.' Nor must you think that what I have said upon this point of self-confidence applies only to wealth and riches. To rely on your talents, to rely on the services you have rendered, to rely on your cleverness, to rely on your judgment, to rely on your strength, to rely on your rank, and to think yourself secure in the possession of these, is to place yourself in the same category as the shellfish in the story. In all things examine your own conscience; the examination of your own hearts is above all things essential."

Varieties.

Olney Bridge at the Time of Cowper.

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn. O'er yonder bridge,
That, with its wearisome but needful length,
Bestrides the wintry flood.—*Taste, Bk. iv.*

Among the curious relics of former days in the neighbourhood of Olney, one of the most interesting is the narrow, irregular, and comparatively ancient bridge that crosses the mill-stream, and unites the parishes of Olney and Emberton. This structure has altered but little of late years ; but its continuation, the famous bridge of twenty-four arches referred to in the above quotation, has long since disappeared. As the poet Cowper makes frequent mention of or reference to these bridges (or, rather, this bridge, for in his writings they are usually spoken of as one, as in the above famous passage about the post-boy with the welcome news-sheet), a short account of them may prove not unwelcome to those who are familiar with his poems and letters.

From an entry into the parish register we surmise that the existing old bridge was erected in 1619. The upper part is of brick, the lower of stone ; it possesses three arches ; the most ancient arch, the one nearest the town, has conspicuous though dilapidated dripstones ; and, like other old bridges, its ascent is rather steep. On the left side of the road as you approach the bridge from the town, where is now a shrubbery, there was in Cowper's time a large shallow expansion of the river ; and opposite on the other side of the road stood the Anchor Inn, the occupier of which was usually collector of a toll, called, from its belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster, the Duchy Toll. There was no gate ; but when sheep, pack-horses, and other specified animals were driven up, a bar, attached at one end to the bridge wall, was placed across the road, and the animals being counted as they passed by singly so many pence were paid for each.

We come next to the bridge of "wearisome but needful length" ; and concerning its origin a story is told which I believe has never before appeared in print. In the reign of Queen Anne there existed between two of the most influential gentlemen in this neighbourhood a most warm and cordial friendship : Sir Robert Throckmorton, of Weston Underwood, and William Lowndes, Esq., of Astwoodbury, Secretary to the Treasury, and for many years Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, hence commonly called "Ways-and-Means" Lowndes. These gentlemen were in the habit of visiting each other alternately and very frequently. There was at this time no bridge at Olney except the one just described ; and, consequently, those who would pass from Olney to Emberton were obliged, at the second arm of the river, to take the customary ford. But, in consequence of the high floods, even this passage was often impassable ; so during much of the year all intercourse was suspended between the two friends. Sir Robert, to whom these isolations were especially distasteful, put up with the inconvenience for several years ; but at length, after a flood of inordinate duration, he declared that never again should the river prevent the meeting of him and his friend. So saying he made for Astwood at his earliest opportunity, and proposed to Mr. Lowndes that they should build a bridge at Olney that should bestride the whole valley. "I will find the materials," said he, "if you will supply the labour." Mr. Lowndes acquiesced in his proposal, and that very week was commenced the bridge that has since become so famous. Its appearance was most singular. The arches were at irregular distances ; the openings were of various shapes and sizes, one was large and square, others were strikingly diminutive. Some of the arches had distinctive names, that, for instance, nearest the old bridge being called the Constable Arch. This causeway, which in the old engravings seems of interminable length, was lined on both sides by wooden railings, in which in several places openings were left, so that by means of stone steps one could descend into the meadows. The two streams are now separated by a large plot of ground, but I am told by the gentleman to whom I am indebted for several of the particulars here mentioned, that in his child-

hood there was between them only a narrow strip called the Mill Dam, which was strengthened on both sides by strong timbers that rose sheer from the water. The whole length of this bridge, together with a view of the road at a distance, was, as Cowper observes, commanded by the chamber windows of the vicarage. Having become sadly dilapidated, it was taken down in 1832, and the same year its successor, which still exists, was erected. Tedious as the road itself may have been, the prospect on either side embraced a hundred pleasant scenes. How bright the landscape seemed on that June morning, for instance, in 1785, when the poet was on his way to Emberton to see the rector's tulips—"A fine painting and God the artist." On the right appear the steep of Weston Hill and the wooded slopes of Weston, whilst

"Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course
Delighted" ;

on the left, the ancient mill, the aspens by the mill-stream, the great stone steeple towering above them, and the embattled aisle peeping between ; poplars, and willows, and hedges of hawthorn ; the Clifton uplands, the elmy fields of Emberton, and tips of far-away spinnies in Bedfordshire.

How fair in summer ! But how desolate in the dull days of winter ! when the distant hills are wrapped in mist, and even the steeple is but faintly seen ; when the turbid streams sweep angrily and seethingly ; and the meadows are a monotonous lake with naked hedges and melancholy trees.

Cowper School, Olney.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

An Italian Version of Whittington and his Cat :

From *Lorenzo Magalotti, a Florentine Author of the Seventeenth Century.*

Shortly after the time of the discovery of America there lived at Florence a merchant named Ansaldo. Though already very rich, he greatly desired to be twice as rich as he was. So he fitted out a large ship for the purpose of trading to the western countries lately found out. He made two or three successful voyages, which brought him great gain, and was setting out on another ; but hardly had he sailed past the Straits of Gibraltar when a furious storm arose, which continued for many days, and drove the merchant and his ship hither and thither, so that he lost all reckoning, and knew not whereabouts he was. Fortune however was so kind as to bring him to land, on the ceasing of the storm, at an island called Canary.

The king of that island, hearing of the arrival of a strange vessel, went with his nobles to the port, and welcomed Ansaldo to his country. He showed great pleasure at his arrival, took him to the palace, ordered a banquet to be made ready, and seated the merchant next him.

Ansaldo, on taking his seat and looking around him, was surprised to see among the attendants several young men each armed with a long wand. He could not think what these were for. But no sooner was the meal served than the mystery was cleared up ; for instantly from every side appeared a legion of mice, which threw themselves on the choice and delicate dishes the moment they were put on the table. Then did those young men spring forward and make the most violent efforts to defend with their wands the plates from which the king and his guest were to eat. But the mice were too many for them. Hardly a mouthful could the hungry merchant get ; and for him, and the king, and all, the feast was quite spoilt by the almost countless numbers of these disgusting creatures.

Ansaldo hearing from the king that the same thing happened every day, and perceiving that the mice must be the plague of his life, thought for a moment, and then rose from table, telling the king that he could provide him with a remedy by which he and his country might be rid of such a pest.

So he ran to his ship and speedily returned to the palace with two fine *cats*, a male and a female. These he brought to the king, and begged that the table might again be spread.

No sooner however did the smell of the food make itself perceived than again began the usual procession of mice from their hiding-places, and in an instant the table was covered by them. But now the cats sprang on them, and scattered them right and left. A tremendous slaughter was made ; the victory was complete ; and in a very short time not a mouse was to be seen.

The king was beyond measure delighted. He could not do enough to show his gratitude to his deliverer. He loaded him with the richest presents—chains of pearls, and gold, and silver, and large quantities of jewels and precious stones ; all of which were carried down to the port and put on board the ship.

The merchant having made here so rich a profit, thought he need go no farther ; so he at once set sail for home with his newly-got riches. And, on his arrival, he told his story among his friends, and entertained every social gathering with the account of his excellent treatment at the hands of the King of Canary.

There was one of his friends named Giocondo who was especially interested in the account. If Ansaldo had gained so much, why should not he gain as much or more ? He resolved to try his fortune. So he sold an estate which he possessed in the neighbourhood, and with the proceeds bought a large quantity of jewels, and rings, and chains of great value. Then, giving out that he was bound for the Holy Land (for he feared that his enterprise if known might be blamed or laughed at), he travelled to a distant port and there embarked for Canary.

On his arrival he presented his treasures to the king, expecting great things from him in return. "For," thought he, "if Ansaldo got such a splendid reward for a pair of *cats*, what shall I receive for such a gift as I bring ?"

But the poor man deceived himself sadly. For the King of Canary, who did indeed set a high value on the gift, thought he could not possibly make a better return for it than by presenting the giver with a *cat* ; so he produced a remarkably fine one, the offspring of the pair given him by Ansaldo, and, with many compliments, made it over to Giocondo.

The unfortunate merchant was obliged to hide his disappointment ; and so he returned to Florence, poor and penniless, estate and treasure all gone, and in no good-humour with the king, and the mice, and his friend Ansaldo, and the whole race of *cats*. Yet he could not complain of the king as ungrateful ; for in giving him the *cat* he thought he was giving him the most valuable thing in all the world ; for so had a pair of *cats* proved to him. So great a difference do circumstances make in the value of a gift.

Origin of the Stuart Royal Family.

In the second part of "Camden's Britannia," which treats of "Caledonia," the following account is given of the origin of the Stewart or Stuart family : "I never yet heard of any Earls of Loquabre (Lochaber), but about the year 1050 we read of a most noted Thane thereof, one Banquo, who was made away by Macbeth the Bastard, when by murder and bloodshed he had seized the kingdom, out of jealousy that he might possibly disturb him. For he had found by a prophecy of certain witches (*magārum*) that the time would come when Macbeth's line being extinct Banquo's posterity should obtain the kingdom, and through a long succession reign in Scotland ; which fell out accordingly. For Fleanch, son of Banquo, who in the dark escaped the snares laid for him, fled into Wales, where for some time he kept himself undiscovered ; and having afterwards married Nesta, the daughter of Griffith ap Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, he had by her Walter, who, returning into Scotland, suppressed the rebellion of the Islanders with the reputation of so great bravery, and managed the king's revenue in these parts with so much prudence, that the king made him Stewart of the whole kingdom of Scotland, whereupon this name of office gave the surname of Stewart to his posterity, who, spreading through all parts of Scotland, in many noble branches, and being advanced to great honours, have long flourished there.

Three hundred years ago Robert Stewart, a descendant of this house, in right of Marjory his mother, daughter of King Robert Brus, obtained the kingdom of Scotland. And now lately James Stewart, the sixth of that name, king of Scotland, in right of Margaret his great-grandmother, daughter of Henry VII, was by Divine wisdom, with the general applause of all nations, advanced to the monarchy of Great Britain." —*Camden, 1607.*

Umbrellas.—The earliest English umbrellas were made of oiled silk, and were very clumsy and difficult to open when wet, while the stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient. Umbrellas first came into general use about 1775. It was at first considered a mark of effeminacy to carry one. The transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admitted of the ribs and frame being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious mechanical improvements in the framework, chiefly by French and English manufacturers. Specimens of umbrellas made in 1645 weighed three pounds eight and a half ounces, and the ribs were thirty-one and three-quarter inches long. The ribs were formerly made of whalebone, were cumbersome, and had but little elasticity. The introduction of steel in place of whalebone was the most important improvement made. The tips are now made in one piece with the ribs, instead of being made of bone, japanned metal, and other materials.—*Haller's Gazette.*

Charles Dickens at Birmingham.—In an Australian paper we find an amusing paragraph contributed by an old member of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. The speech of Mr. Lowell as President last year awakened the recollection thus recorded : "I was for some years a member of that institute, and have heard many celebrated men deliver the inaugural address. Well do I remember Charles Dickens's appearance and speech at the beginning of his year of office. I was disappointed in his appearance. It was not pleasant to see one of the gods of literature with a big gold chain hung from each side of his waistcoat, and a general get-up suggestive more of the commercial-room in an hotel than a seat on Olympus. But when once the wonderful man began to talk I forgave him the chain and even the velvet collar, and hung entranced on his words more even than I had previously done on his works. He gave away the prizes gained by the students of the institute that year. The names were called out by the secretary as each winner mounted the platform. Great was the laughter when a Miss 'Winkle' advanced to receive her prize. Dickens shook hands with the young lady, and whispered something into her ear, then, turning to the audience, he said, 'I have been advising Miss Winkle to change her name.' I was reminded of Dickens's get-up on that memorable occasion when I read in O'Connor's 'Life of Beaconsfield' how Disraeli dressed himself thirty years ago—his ringlets of silken black hair, his flashing eyes, his effeminate air and lisping voice, his dresscoat of black velvet lined with white satin, his white kid gloves with his wrists surrounded by a long hanging fringe of black silk, and his ivory cane, of which the handle, inlaid with gold, was relieved by more black silk in the shape of a tassel."

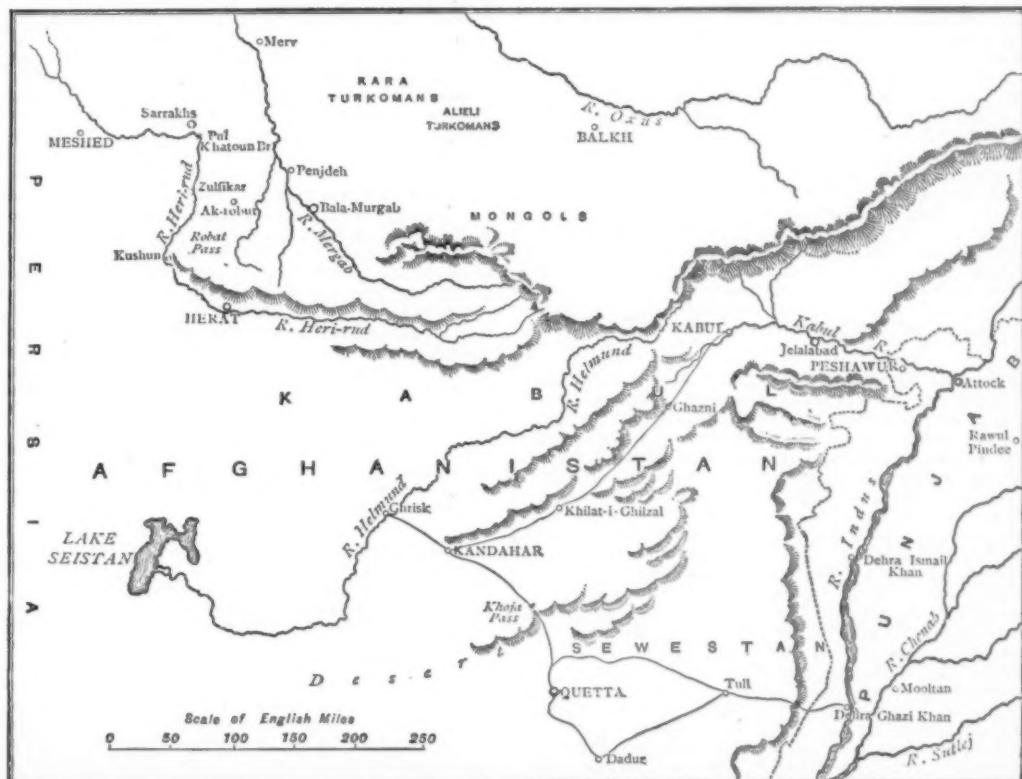
The Indians of North America.—It appears from statistics collected by the Indian Bureau that three years ago the total number of Indians in the United States was about 376,000, distributed as follows : citizens, 67,300 ; the six nations, the remnant of the Iroquois, 7,000 ; the five partly civilised nations in the Indian territory, 58,000 ; other Indian reservations, estimated at 198,000 ; wandering tribes, 15,000 ; and in Alaska, 31,000. Of Indians then in the reservations 56,000 were supported by the Government ; 47,000 received large appropriations ; 95,000 were supported by fishing and hunting, farming, and other small industries, and the proceeds of the sale of their land. The land under cultivation by Indians increased from 157,000 acres in 1879 to 205,000 in 1881, while the number of Indians increased by 5,724 during the years 1880-1, leaving out Indians who were citizens and those of Alaska. There were 60,000 children among the Indians of school age ; the education of the six Iroquois nations was managed by the State of New York ; that of the five nations of the Indian territory was in their

own hands; and that of the Indians in the reservations was left to missionaries of religious bodies, with some help from the Government, amounting in 1881 to \$365,000. The New York Indians had a special allowance from the State of \$9,000 a year, and teachers, and a teachers' institute of their own, with 1,175 out of their 1,600 children in the schools. The five nations in the Indian territory had over 6,000 children in their 198 day and 11 boarding schools, educated in their own Cherokee alphabet with its 85 letters, invented by one of their own members in 1827. For the children of the other and more savage Indians there were schools at various places. The Indians show a real zeal for the education of their children.

The Afghan Frontier.—The map which we give in our present number shows the relative positions of British and Russian territories in Central Asia, as well as the kingdom of Afghanistan, which is situated between the two rival empires. The frontier of British India is at the foot of the Himalayas, and our military outposts are at Peshawur, Dehra Ismail Khan, and Dehra Ghazi Khan. Quetta is also occupied by a British army. The boundary of Russian territory is the River Oxus and the city of Merv, the latter being occupied by a Russian army. The kingdom of Afghanistan consists of the provinces of Herat, Balkh, Kandahar, and Kabul. The small slip of Afghan territory under dispute is that surrounding the town of Penjdeh (*i.e.*, the *five places*). There is now a line of railway, both from Calcutta and Bombay, extending as far as Peshawur. It crosses the River Indus at Attock. The slip of land beyond the River Indus occupied by the British is a portion of Afghanistan inhabited by vigorous Afghan tribes, who are now under our rule. This territory had been wrested from the Afghans by Ranjeet Singh, the Sikh ruler of the Punjab, and fell in as part of British India in 1848 upon the conquest of the Sikhs. Rawul Pindee, which is the largest military station in India, is now celebrated as the place of meeting between Ameer Abdur Rahman and the Viceroy of India and H.R.H. the Duke of

Connaught. Rawul Pindee is one hundred miles from Peshawur, Peshawur being nine miles from the Khyber Pass. The Church Missionary Society has established mission stations at Peshawur, Dehra Ismail Khan, Mooltan, and Dehra Ghazi Khan, and is about to place a Christian mission at Quetta. Rawul Pindee is a mission station of the American Board of Missions.

Babylonian History and Literature.—In the latest publication of Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions from the British Museum, edited by Sir Henry Rawlinson, assisted by Mr. T. G. Pinches, a report is given of the valuable discoveries made by Mr. Rassam. Among the inscriptions of historical importance here published are the tablets of Nebuchadnezzar I (B.C. 1120) and Nabubaliddina (n.c. 850), from Abo Hubba. The former of these is the charter of freedom granted to the Kassite or North Elamite City of Bit Karziyabu, by the Babylonian king, in return for aid rendered by its ruler, Ritti Merodach, after the Babylonian forces had been defeated by the allied tribes of Elam. The document contains strange stipulations as to civic laws, freedom from taxes, and conscription for the army. The cylinder of Nabonidus, found in the record chest of the great temple at Sippara, containing about 170 lines in most perfect preservation, may be considered the most important inscription published in this volume. In this text the king states that while restoring the temple of the Sun-god he came upon the foundation record placed there by Naram-Sin, the son of Sargon, 3,200 years before his time—that is, in B.C. 3750. The Babylonians, like the Chinese, were an essentially literary people, and every event in life found its record on the clay tablets. The caste of the scribes was the most honoured and ancient in their land, their ancestor being the seaborn Oannes, called Musarros, “the scribe” who rose from the sea to teach men the elements of civilisation. Xisuthrus, the Noah of Chaldean tradition, was the writer of the first Book of Origins, which he deposited in the temple of the Sun-god at Sippara, to be recovered after the Deluge, and



AFGHANISTAN AND THE FRONTIER.

thus continued unbroken the roll of Chaldean history. If any proof were needed of the literary character of the Babylonians, it is found in the tens of thousands of inscribed tablets now stored in the cases of the Assyrian Department of the British Museum. The discoveries made during the last half century, which have restored to us the history of Western Asia, have all been tending to carry us further and further back into remote antiquity; while each year fresh finds have been filling up the *lacuna* in the roll of history thus open before us. The recovered literature is by no means solely historical, being as varied in character as that of the present day, embracing in its large area tablet books on religion, botany, zoology, astronomy, and even works of fiction, fables, and stories, as well as a most important class of philological works, grammars, lexicons, and bilingual handbooks relating not only to the languages of Babylonia, but to those of surrounding lands.

Nelson and Wellington.—Walmer, October 1st, 1834.—We were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. "Why," said the duke, "I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and there I was shown into the little waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman, whom from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm, I immediately recognised as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and all about himself, and, in, really, a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was *somebody*, and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office-keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent, with a good sense, and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man; but certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw."—*The Croker Papers*.

A Farming Experiment.—Radbourn Manor Farm, in Warwickshire, of which Mr. Bolton King is landlord, was far from being favourably situated or circumstanced for such a tentative enterprise. It lies at a distance of six miles and a half from Southam Road, the nearest railway station, while Leamington, the nearest market town, is twelve miles off. Mr. David Johnson, the manager of Radbourn Manor Farm, tells us that when he and his associates took it in hand, "the ploughed and arable land was foul with switch and weeds—as bad as land could be. The hedges ran wild, the ditches and brooks were full of mud, and the drains choked. New draining had to be done, and the old drains taken up, cleaned, and put in again. The buildings, fences, and yards were in a very dilapidated state, and people said that the farm would never be worth cultivating again." We trust that Sir Thomas Brassey and other landlords, who see in co-operation the best hopes for the landed interest, may be able to spare time for one visit to Radbourn Manor Farm. They will find much to encourage them; and the aspect of the farm labourers, now called "associates"—a name in which they take a just and proper pride—would alone carry conviction to the most incredulous visitor. These associates are sixteen in number, consisting of twelve men, two youths,

and two boys, all prior to 1832 belonging to that class of "downtrodden serfs" about whom Mr. Henry George and his congeners have so much to say. To-day they exhibit a degree of cheerfulness, of brightness, of intellectual activity, and of indefatigable industry, for which it would be vain to look among labourers who toil for daily wages, with no hope for their old age except the workhouse and the grave. Mr. Johnson and his associates pay a yearly rent of a pound an acre for their farm, and, in addition, they pay interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum upon three thousand five hundred pounds lent to them by Mr. Bolton King to buy stock and implements. The associates receive wages at the rate of fifteen shillings per week, and, when all deductions had been made, they divided last year a profit balance of more than one hundred pounds. Such a chance of earning increased profits in the future is of the most flattering kind, as at least two years were required to bring this neglected and unpromising farm into anything like order. The experiment well deserves to be watched by English landlords, tenants, and farm labourers; and we learn with satisfaction that Sir Thomas Brassey, who is an excellent man of business, proposes to tread in Mr. Bolton King's steps.—*Telegraph*.

"Sandford and Merton."—The pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of Mr. Day's "Sandford and Merton," a production that I well remember, and shall ever be grateful for. It assisted the cheerfulness I inherited from my father; showed me that circumstances were not a check to a healthful gaiety, or the most masculine self-respect, and helped to supply me with a resolution of standing by a principle, not merely as a point of lowly or lofty sacrifice, but as a matter of common sense and duty, and a simple co-operation with the elements of natural warfare.—*Leigh Hunt*.

Unlicensed Press.—Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter? . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.—*John Milton*.

England not in its Decline.—"England," observed Emerson, in 1847, "is an old and exhausted island, and must one day be contented, like other parents, to be strong only in her children." Since these words were written, the "old and exhausted island" has put forth new and strangely vigorous shoots. In 1847 her imports were worth no more than £76,000,000, while the value of her total exports was less than £150,000,000. In 1883 the value of her imports was £427,000,000, and of her exports nearly £306,000,000, the aggregate of her trade being worth more than £732,000,000 collectively. Her vessels showed a gross burden of 128,000 tons in the former year, and of nearly 7,200,000 tons in the latter. Her income-tax brought in about £5,700,000 in 1847, and close upon £12,000,000 in 1882-83. These symptoms of growth, of which we have enumerated but a few, ought to awaken hope even in the most desponding breasts.

British Auxiliary Forces.—A Fellow of the Historical Society has called attention to the stupidity of the British War Office in not employing more of the people of "Greater Britain" for military service, as the Romans did with their provincial populations. "No empire in history (not excepting the Roman) has ever had such warlike races directly or indirectly under its sway as the British, and we scarcely make any use of them. The Romans were much wiser in their generation, and never frittered away their best blood in small wars or bad climates; such work was done by troops recruited in the countries which they conquered. We certainly use the races of India to a certain extent, but we should have more Belooche regiments, and even battalions of Afghans. With the numerous calls upon our

little army in all parts of the empire, we should have twelve regiments of negroes instead of two, as at present, first-rate troops when officered by Englishmen. We should also have light infantry battalions of Ashantees, Natal Kaffirs, and Maories for employment out of their own countries; also Hottentot cavalry and Houssa scouts, all invaluable auxiliaries led by Englishmen and steadied by a leavening of British troops. Thus the intolerable strain on our army, and the constant difficulty of finding men for distant wars, would be removed, our *corps d'elite* would be available for more serious complications nearer home, and our enemies could not take advantage of our difficulties."

A Theatrical Simile.—Mr. Gladstone's recently developed taste for dramatic entertainments led him to rather an undignified illustration in an otherwise eloquent letter on the future destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Having referred to the subject, he says: "I shall not attempt, after thus sketching it, to expound it. It would be as absurd as if a boxkeeper at a theatre, when letting in a party, should attempt to expound the piece."

Egyptian Unthrift.—A letter from Cairo says: "The sum spent annually by the Government departments here for stationery alone amounts to a total of £50,000, constituting an annual tax of almost threepence per head on the whole Egyptian population. This fact is characteristic of Egyptian finance."

Osman Digna and the Mahdi.—An Arab paper at Cairo has the following from a merchant who visited the rebel camp at Tamaniab: "I asked Osman Digna what was the Mahdi's definite object. He answered, smilingly, 'He intends to prevent the Christians from bathing in the Nile—that is to say, he is bent on restoring the whole river district from its sources to its mouths to the Mussulmans.' 'But,' I asked him, 'do you think the Padishah will remain indifferent to the conquest of Egypt and the Soudan?' 'I know not what the Padishah will do,' he replied, 'but I can answer for it that, after the Mahdi has taken Cairo, he will send envoys to Constantinople inviting the Sultan to form an alliance with him against the unbelievers.'

What Philosophy Teaches as to the Origin of Man.—Disappointing as it may sound, the fact must be faced, nevertheless, that our reasoning faculties, wonderful as they are, break down completely before all problems concerning the origin of things. We may imagine, we may believe, anything we like about the first man; we can know absolutely nothing. If we trace him back to a primeval cell, the primeval cell that could become a man is more mysterious by far than the man that was evolved from a cell. If we trace him back to a primeval pro-anthropos, the pro-anthropos is more unintelligible to us than even the anthropos would be. If we trace back the whole solar system to a rotating nebula, that wonderful nebula which by evolution and revolution could become an inhabitable universe is, again, far more mysterious than the universe itself. The lesson that there are limits to our knowledge is an old lesson, but it has to be taught again and again. It was taught by Buddha, it was taught by Socrates, and it was taught for the last time in the most powerful manner by Kant. Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might be called more truly the knowledge of our ignorance, or, to adopt the more moderate language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.—*F. Max Müller, in "Nineteenth Century."*

Geographical Progress in 1884.—In the region of geographical exploration, important additions have been made to certain departments of science by the African expedition under Mr. Joseph Thomson, who quitted Africa just as Mr. H. H. Johnston entered it to take up his position as observer and collector in the thickly-wooded slopes of Kilimanjaro, the snow-capped equatorial mountain, from which he has returned with the most satisfactory results. In other parts of Africa—in the Nyassa region, in the country between the east coast and Tanganyika, and in the Portuguese territories on the west coast—both English and German explorers have been busy. Herr Flegel has only recently returned to give an account of his four years' work on the Niger, while the

most important scientific contribution from the Congo, a result of Mr. Stanley's enterprise, is the publication of a year's continuous meteorological observations. In Asia the never-resting Colonel Projevalsky has been again attempting to penetrate Tibet, which, however, we are glad to think, is likely to be opened to the outer world from the side of India by peaceful diplomacy and tact. Regel and other Russian explorers have been busy in Turkestan and in the Pamir, while the French operations in Indo-China have had their uses in contributing to geographical knowledge. Mr. Winnecke has explored a considerable tract of unknown Australia, though not much can be said of the work done by the expeditions to New Guinea. Of the unfortunate Greely expedition, the remnant of which was rescued during the past year, we have given considerable details both as to its dark and its bright features; certainly its contributions to science have been important. The appointment by the Royal Geographical Society of an inspector to inquire into the position of geographical education at home and abroad deserves to be noted.

How old are you?—The Duke of Gloucester is a great asker of questions. He asked the Duke of Grafton, who, though sixty-six, does not look above fifty, "how old he was," before a large company in a country house. The Duke of Grafton did not like the inquiry, but answered. Some time after the dukes met again, and the Duke of Gloucester repeated this question, to which the Duke of Grafton dryly replied, "Sir, I am exactly three weeks two days older than when your Royal Highness last asked me that disagreeable question."—*The Croker Papers.*

The Mersey Tunnel.—This great work, uniting the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, is now completed. At the opening ceremony Mr. H. C. Raikes, chairman of the Mersey Railway Company, introduced the Mayors of Liverpool and Birkenhead, who could then for the first time shake hands where the two counties met. The union of the railway systems of Lancashire and Cheshire will be of great service to agricultural as well as mineral industry.

Fresh Eggs.—Never place fresh eggs near lard, fruit, cheese, fish, or other articles from which any odour arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they are contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighbourhood, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-laid egg is destroyed.

Maids of Arts.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of College titles, says: "In one respect American precedents might be found useful over here. The admission of women to all University degrees is only a matter of time, but there is a good deal of idle ridicule to be lived down first. Silly fellows are constantly poking fun, for instance, at the insult it would be to an ungraduated husband to be married to a 'master,' and at the incongruity of giving clever but otherwise marriageable girls the title of 'bachelor.' The Americans have cut the knot in their usual practical fashion, and talk of Miss Bluestocking not as 'Bachelor of Arts' or 'Bachelor of Science,' but as 'Maid of Philosophy,' 'Maid of Science,' 'Maid of Arts,' while a girl who has taken degrees in all the faculties is, we suppose, called a 'Maid of All Work,' what in this aristocratic country is a badge of servitude being in the free democracy of the West a prize of intellect."

Cats.—Margaret Maria Gordon, writing from Nice to the "Home Chronicle," says: "My father, Sir David Brewster, had a strong dislike to cats; he said that he felt something like an electric shock when one entered the room. Living in an old mouse-ridden house, I was at last obliged to set up a cat, but on the express condition that it never was to be seen in his study. I was sitting with him one day, and the study door was ajar. To my dismay pussy pushed it open, and, with a most assured air, walked right up to the philosopher, jumped upon his knee, put a paw on one shoulder and a paw on the other, and then composedly kissed him! Utterly thunderstruck at the creature's audacity, my father ended by being so delighted that he quite forgot to have an electric shock. He took pussy into his closest affections, feeding

and tending her as if she were a child. One morning, some years afterwards, no pussy appeared at breakfast for cream and fish ; no pussy at dinner, and, in fact, months passed on and still no pussy. We could hear nothing of our pet, and we were both inconsolable. About two years after, I was again sitting with my father, when, strange to say, exactly the same set of circumstances happened. The door was pushed gently open, pussy trotted in, jumped on his knee, put a paw on each shoulder, and kissed him. She was neither hungry, thirsty, dusty, or footsore, and we never heard anything of her intervening history. She resumed her place as household pet for some years, till she got into a diseased state from partaking too freely, it was supposed, of the delicacy of rat-flesh, and in mercy she was obliged to be shot. We both suffered so much from this second loss that we never had another domestic pet."

Foreign Corn.—Mr. James Caird, a veteran authority on agricultural statistics, gives in the "*Times*" a reassuring opinion. "Some alarm has been expressed at the danger in time of war to which this country might be exposed if cut off in any considerable degree from our foreign supply of corn. But the rapidity with which, by the aid of natural and artificial manures, we could increase the home produce of corn, and the large stocks now always in the country, may well abate any serious apprehension on that score. If all Europe were closed against us, by taking for a single year a second corn crop on one half of the ground used for green crops and forage, we could more than meet the temporary loss. It is clear that we possess in this power of taking a second crop of corn a latent reserve force which might on very short notice be brought into action, and this without reckoning on the immense reserve power of cereal production which is stored up in the pasture lands, ready in case of need."

Price of Pictures.—The high sum paid for the pictures from the Marlborough collection elicits a letter from Mr. George Redford, reminding us of other high prices paid for pictures now in the National Gallery. In 1857, £13,650 was paid for the picture by Veronese, "Darius and his Family before Alexander," from the Pisan Gallery. In 1855, £9,000 was paid for Lord Garvagh's little Raphael, "Holy Family;" £7,000 in 1866 for Herr Guermonpt's pretended Rembrandt, "Christ Blessing Little Children;" £8,000 in 1879 for Lord Suffolk's Leonardo, the "Vierge aux rochers." Other instances of sums between £3,000 and £4,000 for a picture might be named. As to the purchases at the Hamilton sale, 1882, the return states that ten pictures were bought for £21,042; but this does not agree with the published sale catalogue, which records fourteen pictures purchased for the National Gallery, making a sum of £21,981 15s., in which figure the Velasquez portrait, £6,300; the large Botticelli, £4,777 10s.; and the Luca Signorelli, £3,150. Another high price was £3,465 paid for the St. Helena by Veronese in the Novar sale, 1878.

Habitual Drunkards Act.—All that is necessary for admission to a retreat or asylum under the Act is the declaration of two friends before a commissioner, or justice of the peace, that the person in question is an habitual drunkard; and, subsequently, the signing of a form of application by the patient for admission into a licensed retreat, in the presence of two magistrates, or one stipendiary magistrate. There is nothing in the Act to indicate that it shall be magistrates resident in the county where the retreat is situated. If the patient should be sent to a retreat that is not licensed, then, of course, the proprietor of such retreat has no control, and the form, being illegal, is therefore a dead letter. Her Majesty's Inspector of Retreats, Dr. Hoffman, publishes an annual report of all licensed retreats.

German Colonising.—If Germany becomes a colonising Power all I can say is, God speed her. She becomes our ally and partner in the execution of great purposes of Providence for the benefit of mankind. I hail her entrance into that operation, and gladly shall I find that she becomes associated with us in carrying the light of civilisation and the blessings that depend upon it to more backward and, as yet, less significant regions of the earth. Under all circumstances, and in all places, that is the spirit in which, quite irrespective of this despatch or that despatch, or this correspondence or

that correspondence, the tendency of Germany and the efforts of Germany towards establishing herself as a colonising Power, and towards sending forth her intelligent citizens—who have proved themselves in the United States to be among the very best emigrants in the world—will be met by her Majesty's Government. In that work she will have our best and heartiest good wishes and every encouragement in our power.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

Canadian Population of the Far North-West.—Except in the Red River district and along the Frazer in the southwest the country retains for the most part its primitive features. The Crees and Blackfeet Indians in diminished numbers still keep up their ancient feud on the treeless wastes and around the lakes and hills in the region of the Qu'Appelle and the Saskatchewan rivers. Farther north in the great sub-Arctic forests the Chipewyan, the Dogrib, and the warlike Kutchin of the Upper Yukon lead a savage and miserable existence, and among the plateaux of the Rocky Mountains and along the Pacific slope the Lablassas and the Chenoaks prey upon one another. The remaining elements of the population consist of French half-breeds, who act as guides and attendants of *voyageurs*, and the officers and employés of the Hudson Bay Company, many of whom remain in the region after passing out of active service. The total population of the whole region, embracing over two million square miles, in 1870 was estimated at about seventy thousand, whites, half-breeds, and Indians.

Edinburgh Market Cross.—The ancient historical cross of Edinburgh, of which we gave a picture and history in the April "Leisure Hour," is to be rebuilt for the City, at the expense and as the gift of Mr. Gladstone. The following letter to the Lord Provost expressed the donor's wish :—
" 10, Downing-street, Whitehall, March 22. My dear Lord Provost,—I have to request of your Lordship and of the Town Council the favour of being allowed to undertake the restoration of the Mercat Cross. As your great historic city is the capital of Midlothian no less than of the kingdom of Scotland, I earnestly desire, in the character of the representative of the county, to leave behind me this small but visible record of grateful acknowledgment and sincere affection conferred in a form closely associated with local and national traditions. The site which has been suggested to me as most suitable is the entrance to Parliament-square. I trust my application will be most favourably entertained, and I have the honour to remain my dear Lord Provost, your most faithful and obedient servant, W. E. Gladstone. The Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh." The site selected is at the end of St. Giles' Cathedral, nearly opposite the old Tolbooth, the county prison, known to readers of Sir Walter Scott as "The Heart of Midlothian."

Royal Literary Fund.—The last Report states that forty-one grants, in sums ranging from £15 to £100, had been awarded during the past year, amounting in the aggregate to £1,780. The recipients numbered twenty-seven males and fourteen females, and were classified in nine sections, science and art taking £345 in five grants, history and biography £320 in eight, essays and tales £260 in seven, and poetry £200 in five. Smaller totals were set down against classical, periodical, biblical, and literature generally, and awards were also made to authors of topographical works and of travels. In one case relief had been given for the eleventh time, but seventeen of the forty-one applicants had not received help before. Since its institution in 1790 the corporation had voted 3,952 grants, of the total value of £98,572. The receipts from all sources in 1884 reached £2,956, and the disbursements slightly exceeded £2,438. Rents from the Newton estate in Whitechapel produced £285, and £1,523 was derived from dividends on invested capital. According to the Report, the best cases were selected for liberal assistance. Their means were thus not frittered away in small grants, which were no doubt in some cases appropriate and to some extent useful, but they did not carry out their object so thoroughly and successfully as the larger awards.

Invalided in War.—In the Egyptian campaign, as in most wars, the numbers of men "invalided home from other causes than wounds" are five times more than from casualties in fighting.

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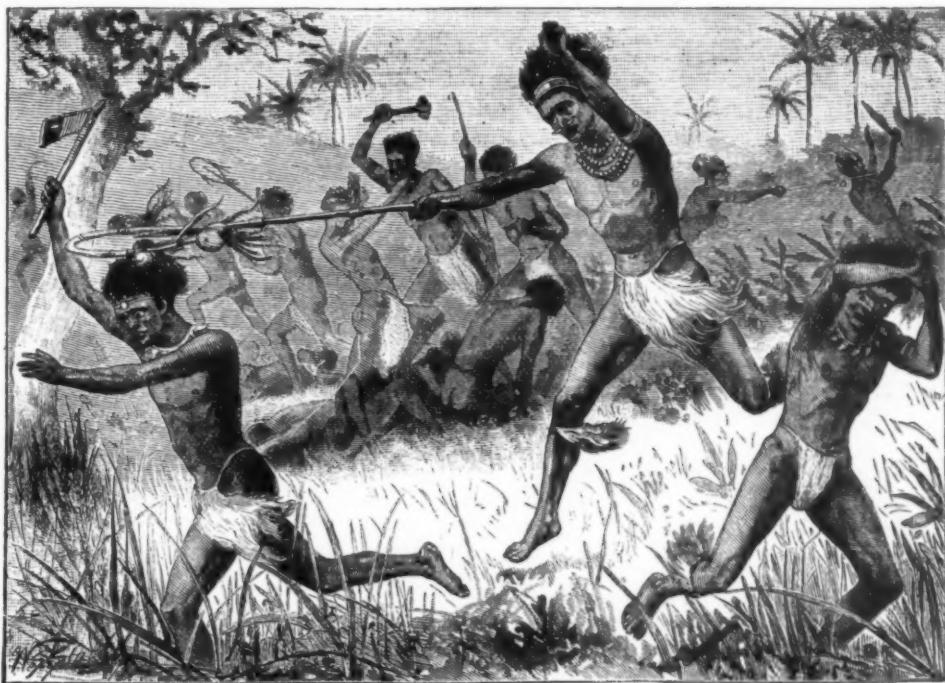
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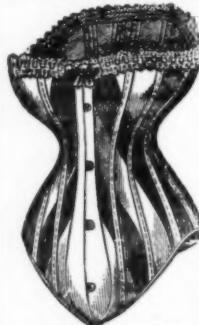
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